

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. XXIV.

MARCH, 1897.

No. 5.

Copyright, 1897, by THE CENTURY CO. All rights reserved.

TO "THE GIRL WITH THE MUFF."

(In the Painting by Madame Lebrun.)

BY BEATRICE RUSSELL DOE.

LITTLE maid of olden France,
Something in thy countenance
Sweetly girlish, dainty, fair,
Tender, mirthful, debonair,
Makes me love thee, dear, although
Thou wert painted long ago.

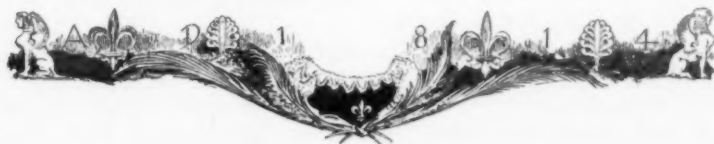
Tell me where thy charm doth lie.
Is it in the merry eye
Whose light joyousness of glance
Sets this heart o' mine a-dance?
Or within those parted lips
From whose mirthfulness there slips
Such a wondrous witchery —
Little Mistress Sans Souci?

Is it wholly in the face?
Dwells it in that artless grace,
Modesty and ease of pose?
Pr'ythee tell me. Ah! who knows?

Truly, dear, I know thou art
Sunny, blithe, and true of heart;
This doth make thee seem so fair —
Lights thy face with sweetness rare.

Standing thus and smiling so
'Neath thy wide and quaint chapeau
Decked with plume and ribbon bow,
Thou wert pictured long ago,
With thy neckerchief and muff;
Not a trinket nor a ruff,
Dear, to mar thy perfect grace,
Thy rare innocence of face.

Gazing on thy features, Sweet,
We but hope each season fleet
Brought no sigh nor sorry tear —
Only smiles and joy, my dear.
Bless thee for thy merry glance,
Dainty maid of olden France!



TEDDY BAIRD'S LUCK.

BY KATE DICKINSON SWEETSER.



"AS QUICK AS A FLASH HE WAS ON THE OLD WHEEL AND AWAY, SCORCHING WITH MAIN FORCE DOWN THE CARRIAGE-ROAD."
(SEE PAGE 362.)

ON Commencement Day at Harvey Academy, after all the exercises were over and the diplomas had been awarded, Mr. Shedd, the professor of literature, announced that at the beginning of the fall term he would give a prize to the member of his advanced class bringing in the best account of an adventure which had happened to him during the summer. The adventure described must be a genuine occurrence, and the story must be written in a clear, but picturesque style.

"The prize," he added, "will be a membership ticket in the Acorn Athletic Club. This is a rare chance for some one, and I hope you will all try for it."

While he spoke the boys had been exchanging eager glances, and then they broke into hearty applause, and nodded to each other, as much as to say, "Indeed we will!"

The Acorn Club was one which offered su-

perior advantages in its gymnasium and bowling-alleys, and which admitted only a limited number of junior members through the influence of senior members. As Professor Shedd had been one of the charter members of the Club, he was able to offer this prize to his boys, and a thrill of delight shot through each boy at the possibility ahead.

Teddy Baird was one of the most enthusiastic athletes in the school, and had long wanted to be one of the A. A. C.'s. At once he began to make plans for having an adventure, and by the time he reached home his eyes were shining with excitement, and his round freckled face was beaming with anticipation.

"I can get it, and I WILL!" he announced to his father in a most decisive manner.

"Good!" said Mr. Baird, heartily. "That is the right spirit, my son; but how about the adventure?"

"Oh, that 's easy enough," answered Teddy, happily, and went off whistling.

From that time on through the three months of his vacation the prize was always the uppermost thought in Teddy's mind; but it did not take him long to discover that finding a subject for his story was not so easy a matter, after all.

"It 's the funniest thing," he observed sadly one day when he felt particularly discouraged; "I am so lucky that I am unlucky, and that 's the truth. Nothing ever happens to me; even the birds go to sleep when I come around."

At this Mrs. Baird smiled, for it seemed so utterly impossible to conceive of anything sleeping when Teddy was near; but he did not notice the smile, and continued soberly: "It 's funny; honest Injun, it is! If there 's a runaway, it stops quicker 'n a wink when I come in sight; or if there 's a fire, it goes out when I turn the corner. There is n't so much as a hot-box on a train, if I 'm in it."

"I should think you would be in great demand as an accident-preventer," said grandma in her soft, low voice; but Teddy only groaned in reply, and drawing himself up in a dignified manner, declared firmly: "I won't be balked; I just won't, so there!"

Shortly after the first of July the family went to the seashore, and for a month Teddy patiently held himself in readiness for an adventure. He rowed and sailed, fished and swam, and sat on the beach for hours at a time, watching the bathers, in hopes of an adventure; but he caught no wonderfully large fish, no boat in which he embarked showed even the slightest inclination to capsize, and an unsympathetic public refused to drown for his benefit.

"Talk about the perils of the sea!" he said scornfully, on the day when he took his last look at the beach from the stage window; "it 's a million times safer 'n land"; but he added with a show of cheerfulness, "Well, now, let 's see what the mountains can do for a fellow. I am going to try getting eaten by bears, or shot instead of a deer."

"Do," said Mrs. Baird, calmly. Teddy's statements never ruffled her in the least. "Do, dear; it would be so pleasant for me! And in that case you could so easily write up the story of your exciting adventure."

They both laughed, but Teddy added soberly: "Honestly, mother, I 'm afraid you don't realize how serious this is getting to be. I have *got* to get that prize."

But Mrs. Baird's answer was so hopeful and comforting that his spirits revived somewhat, and he decided that if there was an adventure to be found anywhere, it would come to light in the woods; consequently he was in a more cheerful frame of mind during the remainder of their trip to the Adirondacks, where they were to stay until the last of August.

Mrs. Baird stopped at the Blue Mountain Lake Hotel, while Teddy joined a party of boys and went further into the woods to camp out. It was an entirely new experience to him, and he enjoyed it hugely. From daybreak often until late at night they were off tramping, hunting, or fishing; and in the evenings, when they sat around their camp-fire, the guides would tell such marvelous tales of blood-curdling adventures that the boys felt they had strayed into the country of the "Arabian Nights." To Teddy the stories, told in the rough language of the natives, offered a great temptation.

"If I only *could* tell some of them, I 'd be sure to get the prize," he sighed. "Those things might have happened to us, only they did n't; that 's all the difference. My! what a show they 'd make on paper!"

But his conscience was much too honest to allow of his using the coveted material so near at hand, and he was still at a loss for the subject of his prize story. One of the boys had shot a deer, two had a narrow escape from drowning, and another had been lost in the woods for half a day; but as none of these were his own experiences, Teddy did not feel justified in using them, and not a single thing worth writing about happened to him personally. He had some amusing episodes, of course, during the three weeks; but as adventures, none of them seemed to be thrilling enough.

"Some fellows can work on their imaginations and get all sorts of fine things out of nothing," he observed sadly; "but 't ain't so with T. B. Give me *facts*, or I 'm a gone goose!" But then he added, with his usual philosophy: "P'r'aps something 'll turn up yet; 't won't come any quicker for worrying, I

s'pose"; and he dismissed the matter from his mind for the few remaining days of their stay in camp, and simply enjoyed himself.

He was as brown as an Indian when his mother saw him again, and she was well satisfied that the change had benefited him; but she did not question him about the essay, feeling sure that if he had had an adventure she would hear about it at once. He did not mention the subject for some time; then he said abruptly, as if he did not care to dwell on the matter: "Say, where do you suppose that luck of mine you used to talk about so much has gone to, mother? It seems to have shied clear of Massachusetts and New York State, not to mention New Jersey! If you could suggest where I might meet it, I'd take the next train, for my time's 'most up, you know."

"My dear," said Mrs. Baird, soothingly, "don't give up quite yet. There are still three weeks of vacation, and that is time for all sorts of strange things to happen. You were lucky from the minute you were born, and I am not willing to believe yet that you have lost the prize. Are you sure you can't take some little incident, even if it does seem small to you, and make it into an amusing story? I am sure there must be something you could use if you only thought so."

But Teddy shook his head. "Can't be done by T. B., ma'am," he said. "You should have had a more brilliant son. I mooned around up in camp with a ream of paper in my lap, a pencil in my hand, and a far-off gaze in my eyes, waiting for an idea to flood my intellect, till the fellows guyed me so I had to quit. Honest, mother, there was n't a thing but happens to other people every day in the week."

Mrs. Baird looked thoughtful for a moment, then she said eagerly:

"I have it! Why not write an account of what did *not* happen? Tell all about the thrilling things that might have occurred, and the funny way in which they seemed to avoid you. I am sure no one else will think of that!"

Teddy beamed, and grasped her arm in an ecstatic squeeze.

"You're a brick!" he exclaimed. "I guess you've hit it, and we'll get that ticket yet! You *are* some good, mother, after all!" This

was said with a comical twinkle of his blue eyes, and Mrs. Baird made him a little bow.

"Thank you, my son!" she said laughingly. "'Praise from Sir Hubert Stanley is praise indeed!'"

The new idea pleased Teddy more and more as he thought about it. Sentences and pages began to form themselves in his brain, and it seemed as if he could not wait to put them on paper.

"I'll begin the minute we get to Aunt Sarah's," he said; and his mother was delighted that she had been able to help him, for she knew how persistently he had tried to help himself.

They reached the home of Mrs. Baird's sister in Tarrytown the next day, and settled down for the visit which was to end up their summer outing. Aunt Sarah's boys, Tom and Herbert, were Teddy's greatest chums, so the meeting was an enthusiastic one on both sides, and it seemed as if the boys could never finish telling each other of all their doings since they last met. Of course it was not long before Teddy had told about the prize and his struggles for it, and then he spoke of his mother's new idea, and every one thought it a fine one.

"You are sure to get the ticket, Teddy," said Aunt Sarah; "you are always so lucky."

"So I've heard," said Teddy, dryly. "I wish you'd introduce me to that luck, Aunt Sarah; I don't happen to have seen it myself."

On each day, as it came, he meant to begin his writing; but there were so many delightful plans to be carried out that he never could find time, and whenever he suggested taking an hour for writing, the boys always refused to let him, and suggested a bicycle-ride, or a swim, or a ball-game, and Teddy weakly yielded, until the edge was off his enthusiasm and five days of the visit were gone.

On the sixth day it rained hard, and as soon as breakfast was over Teddy announced his determination of going to his room to write, and threatened all sorts of dire possibilities to the person who should dare disturb him. So away he went; but before he had even finished his elaborate process of pencil-sharpening, there was a smothered shout at the door, and in burst Herbert and Tom, took the room by storm,

confiscated the pencils, and made so much noise that connected thinking was impossible. Mrs. Baird, sitting in an opposite room, heard the chorus of groans, whistles, and laughter that followed the onslaught; and finally, after the mail came, she put down her work and went to see what was going on. On the threshold she stopped with an exclamation of dismay.

"Why, boys," she said, gazing about, "you look as if a cyclone had struck you! What *are* you doing?"

In one corner of the room Tom and Herbert were fencing with the gravity of professionals, while Teddy lay on the floor, heels in the air, evidently in a state of exhaustion, watching the contest. The floor and bed and chairs were strewn with clothes, bicycle-tools, books, paper, a camera outfit, dumb-bells, Indian clubs, and every other article that could add to the general disorder. On a chair reposed a large bowl of black fluid, evidently ink; a tripod stood in the corner, and Ted's bicycle leaned against the wall. Small wonder that Mrs. Baird gasped, and repeated, "What *are* you doing?"

At the sound of her voice Teddy slowly rose from his position on the floor, and a comical smile broke over his face. "We're having a last try at making things happen," he said. "You're right about the gale; it struck us more 'n an hour ago, and blew all these things around. We put up danger-signals to warn relatives off the coast; but now you're here, won't you have a seat?"

This civility was offered with a wave of the hand toward the room in general, and Mrs. Baird acknowledged the courtesy by taking the only vacant seat in sight, which was on the extreme edge of the bed; and then she asked her question for the third time, adding: "I thought you were going to write your essay."

"Was,"—Teddy was evidently too weary to amplify his sentence—"was, but I could n't make the thing hang together. I could n't write a word. The wheels of my brain would not go round, then the boys came up, and we thought we'd make another try at having things happen. That's why all these duds are around. We took the clock to pieces to see

if we could n't make it go without so many wheels," explained Herbert.

"And cannot get it together again?" Mrs. Baird was looking at the machinery with which the mantel was covered, but none answered her question, and Herbert went on:

"We've tried all sorts of strange stunts with clubs and dumb-bells and fencing, to see if we could n't get some bone out of joint and in again, in a queer way; then we tried putting some of your lithia tablets—the fizzing ones that you use for your rheumatism, you know—in the ink. Tom was sure it would make an elegant spouting geyser and a chemical rain-bow; but it only —"

"Spilled the ink all over the floor," Mrs. Baird finished up the sentence, adding quickly: "I think you have acted very much like silly little boys of about ten years old, and I am mortified that my son should show so little common sense."

"Well, anyway, nothing's any good," said Teddy, mournfully. "Don't hit a fellow, mother, when he's down. I'm clean discouraged. What shall I do?"

"Do?" Mrs. Baird's voice had a cheerful ring. "Why, clear up this mess, of course, or Aunt Sarah will think you never learned to be neat."

Here Tom hastily interposed. "We'll help. We made as much of it as he did."

Mrs. Baird nodded and smiled at him, and went on: "Put your paper away now, Teddy, and try again to-morrow and every day until you accomplish your task. But here is a letter from Cousin Ellie Holcombe. She wants you to ride over on your wheel to-morrow, and spend the night. Cousin Frank is away, and she says you can protect them."

"Good!" Teddy jumped up, and smiled with importance. "I'd like nothing better. I'm all twisted up in the old essay. I'll put it away till I come back, and then I'll work like a trooper till it's done, see if I don't! Will you mind if I go, boys? It's a year since I've been over to Sunnybrook."

As it seemed to be the only thing to do, both boys nodded agreement; but they looked very mournful until Teddy suggested that they ride over with him as far as the turnpike, a distance

of ten miles; and then, after the room was restored to order, they all went down into the cellar to clean their wheels for the trip.

The sun shone its brightest the next morn-

soon as he had said a few words to Mrs. Holcombe, who was not going with them, they set out. It was a perfect day; the sky was a deep, cloudless blue, and the air was so crisp

and clear that it put them all in their highest spirits, and Teddy forgot in ten minutes that there was such a thing as a prize to compete for and lose. A wagon had gone ahead with the luncheon, which was all spread out in tempting array when they reached the falls, and there was very little looking at the beauties of nature until most of the sandwiches and dainties had disappeared. Then they lounged by the falls, told stories, wandered off in the woods, and did all sorts of pleasant things, until the sun warned them of the lateness of the hour, and with reluctance they started homeward, leaving one after another of the party on the way, so that at last there were only the girls and Teddy to ride up the Sunnybrook lane. Any one who did not know the truth would have thought they had eaten nothing for days, as they rushed into the house with a chorus of: "Oh, mother, we're starved alive!" "Got any bread for some famished tramps?" "Where *is* supper?" "We are nearly famished!" And Mrs. Holcombe with quiet amusement watched her bountiful supper disappear.

There was a big wood-fire crackling merrily in the hall, and, when there was no more



"HOLD ON! OFF, AND GIVE AN ACCOUNT OF YERSELF, RIDIN' AT THIS TIME O' NIGHT WIDOUT A LIGHT!" (SEE PAGE 362.)

ing, and the roads were fairly dry; so they made an early start, and by eleven o'clock Teddy was in sight of the big, old stone house where his cousins lived. He found a party of twenty waiting for him, ready to start for a day at some falls, about three miles away; and as

supper to dispose of, they gathered around it, the girls in easy-chairs and Teddy on the rug. Then a sudden quietness fell on them all. The effect of having been out in the crisp air all day and coming into the warmth made their cheeks glow, and gave them a comfortable feeling of

drowsiness. There was absolute stillness, until Mrs. Holcombe came and sat down near them.

"Now, Teddy," she said, "wake up. You must talk to me for a while. The others have had you all day. I want to hear all that you and your mother have been doing."

Teddy smiled, roused himself, and gave an account of their journeyings in a drowsy voice; and then he told of the prize story, and how he had been trying to write one.

"But you see," he said, "whenever I write down on paper what I've done, all the 'go' is out of it. The things don't fit together in any kind of shape. There is n't really enough to make a good story, and that's the truth."

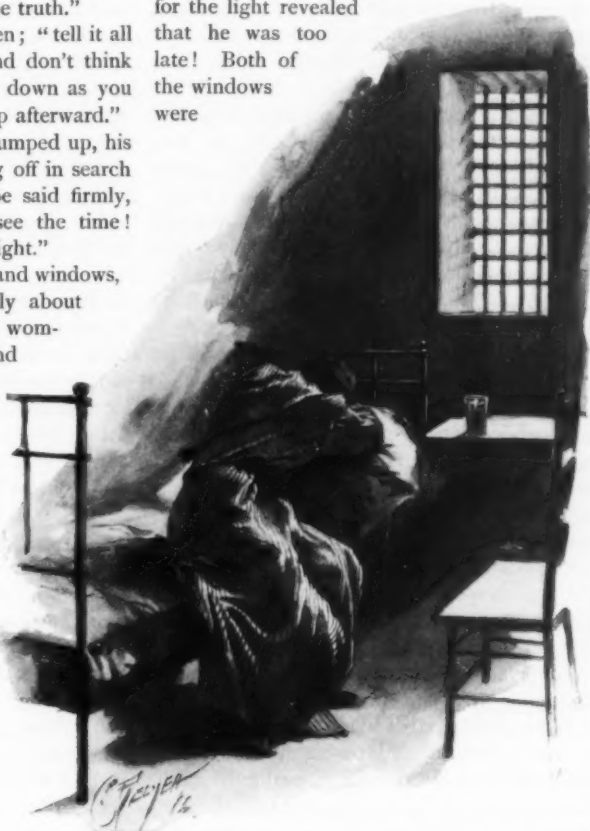
"I'll tell you what," said Helen; "tell it all over just as you did to mama, and don't think about writing it, and I'll put it down as you tell it. Then you can polish it up afterward."

"All right. Now?" Teddy jumped up, his drowsiness gone, and was starting off in search of a pencil, but Mrs. Holcombe said firmly, "No, indeed; not now. Just see the time! We must be shutting up for the night."

While they were locking doors and windows, the girls teased Teddy mirthfully about being protector of three helpless women; then the lights were put out and the house was still. Teddy, who was very sleepy, was in bed in less time than it takes to tell about it, and fast asleep; and it seemed only a minute later when he woke with a start, and heard a queer noise outside his window. For a moment he lay still, scarcely breathing, listening to the sounds; then, as he became wider awake, he decided that some one was certainly trying to enter the house. There were surely men talking in low tones beneath his window. He stole over, peered through the blinds, and could see two figures below. The men were evidently going to enter by the butler's pantry window, and in a few seconds would be in the house. What was it best to do? Should he rouse

the family, or could he frighten off the burglars alone? In a moment he had decided. From his earliest childhood Teddy had been absolutely fearless, and now he made up his mind that he could protect the house without even awaking his cousins.

Turning up the gas, he hastily threw on his bath-robe, unbolted his door and stole softly out into the dark, still hall, lighting the gas there. Then he crept noiselessly downstairs and lighted up the parlor and sitting-room, hearing all the time the low murmur of the voices outside. Then he went into the dining-room; but there he stood aghast, for the light revealed that he was too late! Both of the windows were



TEDDY SPENDS THE NIGHT IN THE POLICE-STATION. (SEE PAGE 363.)

wide open, remnants of a feast were scattered over the table and floor, and the sideboard was bare of silver. He gave one gasp, stood for a

second paralyzed with astonishment, and then rushed out into the hall, for no particular reason, really too much excited to know what he was doing. In his rush he upset a chair, which fell against the fire-irons with a crash, and almost instantly a white-gowned figure appeared at the head of the stairs, and a sleepy voice said:

"Why, child, what are you doing down there at this time of night? What was that noise?"

Teddy lifted his round, excited face, and held up a warning finger. "Sh-sh-sh!" he said in a whisper; "it 's burglars! They 've taken the silver and made a mess of things down here. I thought I could scare them off without waking you up, but I got here too late. They 're going off now, I guess. I 'll go and see."

Cousin Ellie walked down to the first stair-landing, and spoke sternly. "Come up here this minute," she commanded; and Teddy could not help smiling at the contrast of her extreme dignity with her airy costume. "Come up now, Teddy, *please*," she pleaded; "they may come back any minute and shoot you. Oh, dear, if John were only home! What shall we do?"

Teddy was about to speak reassuringly of his powers as a watch-dog, but at that minute his eyes, which had been uneasily watching the doors and windows, caught sight of something in the back hall that made him take one jump toward it; then he gave a groan, and his excitement made him forget to lower his voice.

"They 've taken Mabel's bicycle!" he said—"her brand-new birthday present, and left an old rattle-trap of a man's wheel! The scoundrels! The sneaks! I 'll be even with them! I 'll get that back, I will, if I go to land's end to catch 'em! They sha'n't have that wheel—no, they sha'n't!"

While he talked Teddy was examining the substituted wheel, and pushing it toward the door; and finally Cousin Ellie realized what he was going to do. Forgetting her fear, she fairly ran downstairs to catch the youth and drag him captive up to safety; but she was not quick enough. He had darted into the dining-room and back. "They 've gone!" he called out. "They won't have ten seconds' headway! I 'll

get 'em and their booty—see if I don't!" He seemed to be almost beside himself with excitement, and was outside the door and lost in the shadow of the elms before his cousin could reach him.

As quick as a flash he was on the old wheel and away, scorching with main force down the carriage-road, and then out into the quiet street. Ahead of him, to the right, he saw, or thought he saw, two men on bicycles, and his excited fancy could almost see the gleam of silver in the bundles strapped to their wheels. On he went, faster and faster, with no thought of fear, his anger giving him double strength as he bent over the handle-bars and saw that he was gaining on the shapes ahead. The trees and buildings cast strange shadows across the road, and several times he was deceived by them into the thought that he was within arm's length of the thieves. Along the main street they went, and along went Teddy. He gave a furious spurt, coasted down the hill like a will-o'-the-wisp, came nearer and nearer to them; he could hear the whir of their machines, and felt waves of hot exultation flash over him as he planned what to say when he should rush across their path and stop them. A dozen more revolutions would do it; then, with the suddenness of an earthquake, a great form loomed up beside Teddy, a hand grasped his flying coat, a club was brandished in the air, and a rough voice called out:

"Hold on! hold on! Off, and give an account of yerself, ridin' at this time o' night widout a light!"

Teddy made a wild struggle to free himself and go on, but the grasp of his coat was too firm to admit of a single motion, so he tumbled off his wheel and confronted the policeman, remembering then for the first time that he had no lantern.

"Let me go, I say! you *must*—you *shall*!" he exclaimed hastily. "Any law in the land will protect me! There were thieves in our house that took my cousin's wheel, and I 'm going to catch them and get it. Hang a light! Let me go, or I 'll lose 'em!"

Teddy was preparing to remount, but the policeman held his ground firmly. "*No, sir!*" he said; "not yet. Oi 'm sorry, sir; indade

Oi be, but law 's law, and Oi 'm here to ketch those that goes ag'in' it."

"But I *don't* go against it!" Teddy was in a frenzy now, for the shadows ahead had disappeared around the bend of the road. "I 'd have lighted my lamp if I 'd had time. I ain't a sneak, and my father 's one of the common council. I know as much about law as you do, and I say you have a right to let me go. How much is the fine for riding without a light? Can't you pay it for me in the morning, and let me go now?"

He put his hand in his pocket, not noticing that the man was watching him with grim amusement depicted on every feature of his face; and in a moment he realized that he was airily dressed in white, with a bath-wrapper as overcoat, and not a cent nor a pocket had he!

It was too much even for an excited person to see without a smile, and all at once the humor of the situation came over Teddy, and he burst out in a hearty laugh, in which the policeman joined him. "I say," said Teddy finally, "you must believe me, or else you 'd take me two-forty to the insane-asylum, for being out in this rig!" And then he said ruefully: "Whatever can I do? I have n't got a cent, as you can see. You 'd better let me go. You 've done enough mischief for one night's work — spoiled my fun, and made my cousin lose her new wheel. I 'll *send* you the five dollars to-morrow."

Teddy was supporting himself against his wheel and looking up anxiously at his burly companion; but as he did not answer instantly, Teddy went on: "Well, old Cerberus, what 'll you do? Think quick, for this is rather a breezy out-of-door costume!" And then, with a spasm of regret, he groaned: "Oh, I say, this *is* hard luck! What are you going to do about it?"

"There 's but one thing to do, sir" — the policeman, for all his amusement and interest in this strange case, was still firm — "ye-'ll have to come wid me."

"Where?" Teddy's voice was eager, and the policeman answered, with a grin:

"Oh, just beyant the corner. They 'll put you up in foine shape till morning."

"You mean — in jail?" Teddy gasped it out

as though the end of all things had come, and the policeman laughed once more.

"Call it a hotel," he said; "an' it 'll be more fit fer the likes o' youse, but I guess ye 've got about the shape uv it!"

At last the truth, the whole, bare, absolute truth, dawned on Teddy, and he was silent, dazed by the proportions which his expedition had assumed. As meekly as possible he followed his guide until they came in sight of the police station. Then he stopped short.

"Oh, I say," he said, "it 's a fake. You would n't lodge me there? Let me go, I say! Why, man, I went off like a crazy creature, and left my poor cousin to worry. Let me go!"

But even as he spoke, they were ascending the stairs and passing through the long, silent hall.

"It 's no good frettin'," remarked the policeman, cheerfully; "law 's law. The loidy 'll not have to be scairt long."

And Teddy, really frightened now, and resisting at every step, was marshaled into an apartment to serve out his first term as a prisoner. He was surprised to find that the room was not half so bad as he had feared. It was clean, as was the cot-bed, and there was no evidence that he was a prisoner except that when he was left alone he heard the key turn in the lock from the outside. For a time he just walked up and down, too much excited to attempt to sleep. He was calm enough to think, and he realized what a senseless thing he had undertaken, and how selfish he had been to leave the house with so little thought of his cousin's fright. His remorse was keen, for Teddy's heart was in the right place, and he conjured up all sorts of dreadful things that might have happened through his thoughtlessness. For an hour he paced the room, ashamed and penitent; then he began to feel utterly tired out, and, throwing himself on the bed, knew nothing more until it was broad daylight.

It took some time for him to come to himself, and become conscious of where he was and of what had happened; then, at the sight of his clothes, the truth came over him, and his one thought was to get away — to get some word to the Holcombes. At once he made inquiries as to how long he would be imprisoned; and

when he found that it was only a matter of depositing the required fine, he immediately despatched a small boy to Sunnysbrook with a

It had been a weary, dreadful night at Sunnysbrook. When Mrs. Holcombe had seen Teddy disappear through the door, and had not dared to go after him, she had awakened the girls, and they had all waited and watched through the remainder of the night, hoping each moment that he would come in. Though knowing his fearless impulsiveness, they could not believe that he would do so reckless a thing as to try to pursue the thieves. It was soon evident that the burglars had gone at once, after they had secured their booty; for not a sound broke the stillness in the house. The silver which had been taken from the sideboard was not especially valuable, and the wheel could be replaced; so it was only Teddy about whom they worried.

"Crazy boy! how *could* he be so foolish? What could I say to his mother if anything should happen to him! What shall we do?" moaned Mrs. Holcombe over and over, as the hours wore on and still Teddy did not come.

At last morning came, and with it the note, which was an unspeakable relief, but at the same time made the affair assume a most mysterious aspect. In jail?—for what? While they were busily discussing the matter, and at the same time clearing up the demolished dining-room, there was a whistle

note. That somewhat quieted the alarm there, but added to the curiosity about the runaway; for the note simply said:

DEAR COUSIN ELLIE: I am a jail-bird, and for the honor of the family please send five dollars by bearer to get me out. Instead of catching the thieves, I got caught myself; that's all the difference. Next time I'll take a light. No; next time I won't go at all.

POLICE-STATION.

Penitently, TEDDY.

at the door, and in walked Teddy, wrapped in a huge ulster!

"Jail-birds allowed here?" he queried. "I say, do you want to see the latest thing in clothes?" and, throwing back the ulster, he stood before the astonished girls in his costume of the night before.

It was very comical, his story of his flight;



"'I SAY, DO YOU WANT TO SEE THE LATEST THING IN CLOTHES?' TEDDY ASKED."

and his ridiculous costume gave such an air of reality to the whole that his listeners were convulsed with laughter. Now that it was over, Teddy saw the funny side of it all, and brought it out very vividly. Even Mrs. Holcombe could not help laughing, but at the end of the story she spoke very severely. However, Teddy was so honestly penitent that she could not remain angry after his manly apology for the anxiety he had caused her.

"You see, I did n't think about another thing but how broken up Helen would be about her wheel, and that 's the truth!" he said; and he added: "Perhaps it might be a good thing if I got some clothes on that would n't scare the natives, and then I don't think I would object to breakfast, Cousin Ellie, now that you mention it!"

"It will be ready as soon as you are, dear boy," she said; "we had no thought of eating before." And as he went out of the door she exclaimed, "You certainly have had a real adventure at last!"

At the word Teddy turned, gave one big bound out into the room, and then stood staring at her until she said, "Why, what *is* the matter? I did not mean—"

With that he made a rush, and hugged her until she cried out

for release; then, the bath-wrapper floating in the breeze, he danced a war-dance which made everything in the room shake, and finally stopped breathless in front of Helen, flapping his arms and crying excitedly: "Where 's a paper and pencil! Tell me quick! Hoorray! Hoorray! I 'll have that prize now, and no mistake!—and I never thought about it until this very minute! Change my clothes and eat breakfast first? Indeed I won't! Here! Give me the pencil and I 'll go upstairs and do it by myself. An adventure? Well, I should think!"

With half a dozen strides he cleared the stairs, and was about to vanish from sight when Helen called up: "Teddy! Teddy! wait a minute! How about your luck now?"

"Oh," answered Teddy, smiling over the banisters, "it 's all right! The bother was, I did n't know it wore policeman's clothes, or I 'd have caught it long ago!"—and he added, with a chuckle: "Wait till I hear mother say, 'My son, I told you so!'"

And he was not disappointed. Mrs. Baird did say it, not only when she heard the marvelous tale, but also on the opening day of school, when Teddy, junior member of the Acorn Athletic Club, after receiving the congratulations of the boys, walked proudly home by her side.

And Helen's bicycle? Why, the police force, ashamed of having halted Teddy, made up for it by soon capturing the thieves and by recovering the bicycle and most of the silver.



"HOORRAY! HOORRAY! I 'LL HAVE THAT PRIZE NOW, AND NO MISTAKE!"

THE LAST THREE SOLDIERS.

BY WILLIAM HENRY SHELTON.

[*Begun in the November number.*]

CHAPTER IX.

THE PLATEAU RECEIVES A NAME.



It was now October, and time to begin harvesting the crop on the little plantation, which something very like an inspiration had prompted Philip to plant. While Lieutenant Coleman continued work on the house, stopping the chinks between the logs with clay, and repairing the roof of the hut with spare shingles, Bromley and Philip "topped" the corn, cutting off the stalks above the ripened ears. Then the potatoes were thrown out of the mellow soil with a wooden shovel, and left to dry in the sun, while a level place was prepared in the center of the plot, and thickly spread with a carpet of dry stalks. Upon this surface, after removing a few bushels to the hut, the crop was gathered into a conical heap, and thatched over with stalks, and then the whole was thickly covered with earth and trenched about to turn off the water.

It was estimated that this cache contained thirty bushels, which, according to the table in the Blue Book (Revised Army Regulations), would exceed the potato ration necessary for the maintenance of three men for a period of five years.

From the day of their arrival on the mountain, Lieutenant Coleman had never failed to make a daily entry in the station journal; and now that they had set up a country for themselves, he foresaw that the continuance of this practice would be necessary if they were not to lose the record of weeks and months. His entry was always brief. Often it was no more

than the date, and even the more important events were set down with the utmost brevity and precision.

As the commissary supply of yellow bars diminished, it was evident that the time would soon come when they should be obliged to make their own soap. Back of the chestnut tree in which they had taken refuge from the bear was a peculiar hollowed rock, and above it a flat shelf of stone, on which Philip erected a hollow log for leaching ashes. A little patient chipping of the upper stone with the ax-head made a shallow furrow along which the lye would trickle from the leach, and fall into the natural basin in the rock below, which was large enough to hold a half barrel. This was a happy device, as the strong liquid would have eaten its way through any vessel other than an iron pot or an earthen jar, of which unfortunately they possessed neither.

They had but a limited supply of hard corn, from which they selected the best ears for the next year's planting. These they braided together by the husks, and hung up in yellow festoons from the rafters of the hut, which they continued to use as a storehouse. Much of what remained of their small crop would be needed by the fowls in the winter, and up to this time they had made no use of it for their own food.

Meal was out of the question, and to break the flinty kernels between stones was a tedious process to which they had not yet been forced to resort.

The presence of the lye, however, suggested to Bromley the hulled corn of his New England grandmother, which he had seen her prepare by soaking and boiling the kernels in a thin solution of lye. By this means the hulls or skins were removed, and after cleansing from potash, and boiling all day, the unbroken kernels became as white and tender as rice.

This satisfied the three soldiers for a time, and made an agreeable addition to their diet of bear steak and potatoes. In the mountains of Tennessee Lieutenant Coleman had once seen a rude hydraulic contrivance called a Slow-John, which was a sort of lazy man's mill. To construct this affair it was necessary to have a bucket, which Bromley set about making by the slow process of burning out a section of chestnut log with the red-hot ramrod of a carbine.

At a short distance above the house the branch which flowed from the spring, after making its refreshing way between grassy banks, tumbled over a succession of ledges which ended in a small cascade, and twelve feet below this waterfall there was a broad flat rock which laved its mossy sides in the branch, and showed a clean flat surface above the level of the water. Below this rock they built a dam of stones, by means of which they could flood its surface.

Four feet upstream from the rock a log was fixed from bank to bank for a fulcrum, and upon this rested a movable lever, the short arm of which terminated above the submerged rock, while the long arm just touched the water of the cascade. A wooden pin set in the under log passed through a slot in the lever so as to hold it in position, and at the same time give it free play. Another flat stone of about thirty pounds weight, which was the pestle of the mortar, was lashed with grape-vine thongs to the short arm of the lever directly over the submerged stone. To the long arm was attached Bromley's bucket, bailed with a strong wire, and so hung as to catch the water of the cascade. As the bucket filled and sank, its weight raised the flat stone higher and higher above the submerged rock until the bucket met a bar fixed to tilt its contents into the stream, when the upper millstone came down upon its fellow with a fine splash and thud. After a wall of clay had been built about the surface where the two stones met, to keep the corn in place, the Slow-John was ready for work.

It was slow, but it was sure, and after that, when any of the three soldiers awoke in the night, it was cheerful to hear the regular splash and crash of the Slow-John, like the ticking of

a huge clock, lazy enough to tick once a minute, and patient enough to keep on ticking for two days and nights to pulverize as many quarts of corn.

And now, for three young men who had solemnly renounced their country and cut themselves off voluntarily from all intercourse with their kind, they were about as cheerful and contented as could be expected. In spite of the great disaster which they believed had befallen the National cause, their lungs expanded in the rare mountain air and the good red blood danced in their veins, and with youth and health of body it was impossible to take an altogether gloomy view of life. They had at first tried hard to be miserable, but nature was against them and the effort had been a failure. In their free life they could no more resist the infection of happiness than the birds in the trees could refrain from singing, and so it came to pass that in view of the bountiful harvest they had gathered, and the comfortable house they had built, and all the domestic conveniences they had contrived, Lieutenant Coleman came out boldly in favor of setting apart Thursday, the 24th day of November, as a Day of Thanksgiving, and quite forgot to name it as a day of humiliation as well. To this the others joyfully agreed, and agreed, moreover, that from that day forward the plateau should be called Sherman Territory in memory of the general they most admired.

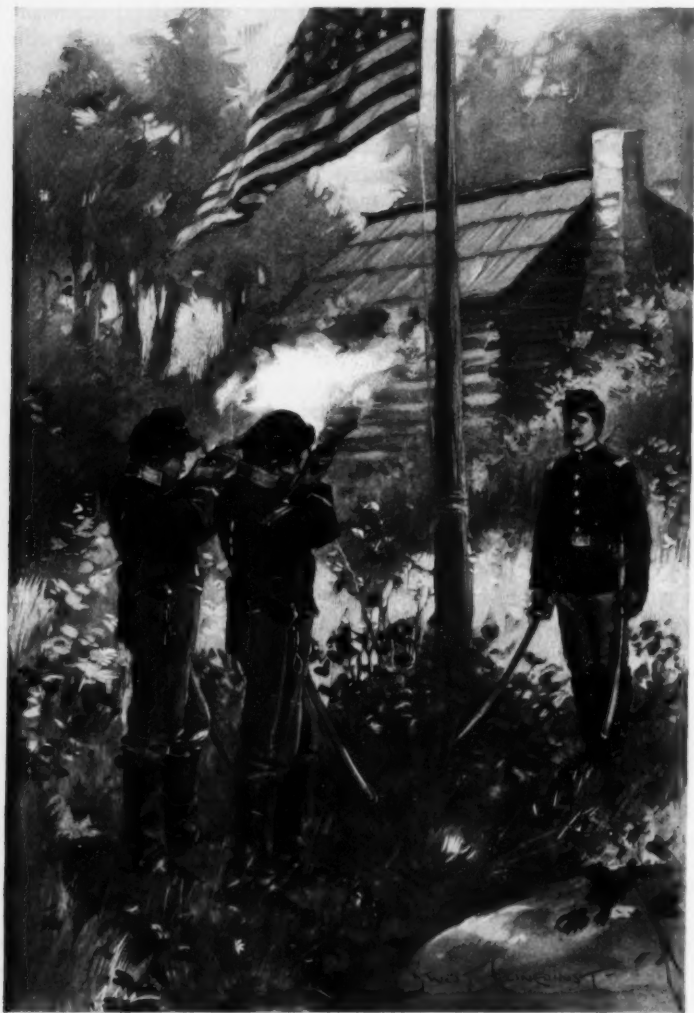
When this first holiday dawned on the mountain, the three soldiers arrayed themselves in full uniform for the ceremony of naming their possessions. Bromley and Philip buckled on their cavalry swords and slung their carbines at their backs, and Lieutenant Coleman, for the last time, assumed his discarded rank, to take command. The arms had been polished the day before until they gleamed and flashed in the morning light, and the little army of two was dressed and faced and inspected, and then left at parade rest while Lieutenant Coleman brought out the flag. How their honest hearts swelled with pride to think that here, alone, in all the world, that flag would continue to float with an undiminished field of stars! Little did they dream that on that very morning hundreds like it were waving in the heart of Georgia over

Sherman's legions on their march to the sea. When at last it blew out from the staff they gathered under its folds, and sang the "Star Spangled Banner" with tears in their eyes; and

This was to be their last military ceremony, and having no further use for their swords they arranged them with belts and scabbards into a

handsome decoration against the chimney-piece, and crossed above them the three red and white flags of the station. The "Revised Army Regulations" and Philip's prayer-book stood on the mantelpiece alongside the spy-glass in its leathern case. The few articles of extra clothing hung in a line on the wall just opposite to the three bunks, whose under layer of pine boughs gave an aromatic perfume to the room.

After the ceremony of naming the plateau, and having fixed the trophies to their satisfaction, the three exiles took down their sky-blue overcoats from the line, for the November air was nipping cold, and set out with the two carbines and an empty sack to keep Thanksgiving in the good old country way. They were still rather sad after what had happened in the morning; but by the time they were back, all the gloom had worn



CHRISTENING "SHERMAN TERRITORY."

as the last words of the good old song rang out over the mountain top, Philip and Bromley discharged their carbines, as a salute, at the order of Lieutenant Coleman, and all three cheered lustily for the old flag and Sherman Territory.

off, for they brought with them two rabbits and a bag of chestnuts, and appetites sharpened by exercise in the keen air.

Philip made the stew and Bromley fried two chickens of their own raising, one after the

other, on a half canteen, and the potatoes left to themselves burst their jackets in the ashes with impatience to be eaten. Each man made his own coffee in his own blackened tin cup, and drank it with a keener relish because it was near the last of their commissary stock.

While they were eating and drinking within, the sky without had become thick with clouds blown up on the east wind, so that when they looked out at the door, they saw Tumbler, the bear, who also had been stuffing himself with acorns and ants which he had pawed out of a rotten log, rolling home for shelter.

There was yet time before the storm broke, and away they went up the hill as happy as lords, to load themselves with dead chestnut limbs and a few resinous sticks of fat pine; and when night came, and with it the rain, there was a warm fire in the new chimney, and a stick of light-wood thrust behind the back log lighted the interior of the house with a good forty-adamantine-candle power. Tumbler lay rolled up in his favorite corner, blinking his small eyes at the unusual light, and from time to time he passed his furry paw over his sharp nose, and gave forth a low grunt of satisfaction. Philip sat against the chimney opposite Tumbler, stirring chestnuts in the ashes with a ramrod, while Bromley put away the last of the supper things, and Lieutenant Coleman gazed out of the open window into the slanting rain, which beat a merry tattoo on the shingles, and tossed at intervals a sturdy drop on the hissing fire.

It was certainly not the cheerful interior beaming with light and heat that turned Lieutenant Coleman's thoughts back to the dark cloud of disasters which had overwhelmed the National arms; it might have been the dismal outlook from the square window into the darkness and the storm. At all events, he turned abruptly about as if a new idea had struck him.

"George," he exclaimed, with conviction, "it all began with the death of Uncle Billy."

(To be continued.)

"So it did," said Bromley; "and after Sherman's army was out of the way, Johnston probably joined his forces with Hood, defeated Thomas, and re-took Chattanooga. He could hardly have accomplished all that by August 20, but his cavalry must have struck our line of stations on that date."

"Exactly so, George," Lieutenant Coleman responded. "If they had captured the Tenth Station alone, with Captain Swann, the line would have been useless, and no further messages could have reached us. If Swann had found the line broken behind him, he would certainly have flagged that news to me without delay."

"Well, what 's the odds?" said Philip, drawing his chestnuts out upon the hearthstone. "The jig was up and Captain Swann knew it. If they had taken any station this side of the tenth mountain, the effect to us would have been the same."

"So it would," said Lieutenant Coleman sadly, turning again to look out into the storm—"so it would."

"It is a blessing that we are ignorant of some things that have happened," said Bromley, who was disposed to look on the dark side. "Well," he continued, "if the Rebs conquer everything they can turn the Northern States back into Territories, and carry slavery into Massachusetts."

"Bah!" exclaimed Philip. "To think of the Territory of Ohio! The Territory of Pennsylvania! The Territory of New York!"

"Don't, Philip, don't; I can't bear it!" said Lieutenant Coleman; "it is all too humiliating to think of! Imagine it! The Emancipation Proclamation is not worth the paper it is written on!"

"We made a wise choice when we determined to stay on this mountain and form a new nation," Bromley declared.

And they all cried "Three cheers for SHERMAN TERRITORY."

MASTER SKYLARK.

BY JOHN BENNETT.

[Begun in the November number.]

CHAPTER XV.

LONDON TOWN.

"COME," growled the blacksmith, gripping his tongs, "what wilt thou have o' the lad?"

"What will I have o' the lad?" said Master Carew, mimicking the blacksmith in a most comical way, with a wink at the crowd, as if he had never been angry at all, so quickly could he change his face—"What will I have o' the lad?" and all the crowd laughed. "Why, bless thy gentle heart, good man, I want to turn his farthings into round gold crowns—if thou and thine infernal hot shoe do not make zanies of us all! Why, Master Smith, 't is to London town I 'd take him, and fill his hands with more silver shillings than there be cast-off shoes in thy whole shop."

"La, now, harken till him!" gaped the smith, staring in amazement.

"And here thou needs must up and spoil it all, because, forsooth, the silly child goes a trifle sick for home and whimpers for his minnie!"

"But the lad saith thou hast stolen him awa-ay from 's ho-ome," rumbled the smith, like a doubtful earthquake; "and we 'll ha' no stealing o' lads awa-ay from ho-ome in County Herts!"

"Nay, that we won't!" cried one. "Hurrah, John Smith—fair play, fair play!" and there came an ugly, threatening murmur from the crowd.

"What! Fair play?" cried Master Carew, turning so sharply about, with his hand upon his poniard, that each made as if it were not he but his neighbor had growled. "Why, sirs, what if I took any one of ye out of your poverty and common clothes down into London town, horseback like a king, and had ye sing before the Queen, and play for earls, and talk with the highest dames in all the land; and fed ye well,

and spoke ye fair, and lodged ye soft, and clad ye fine, and wrought the whole town on to cheer ye, and to fill your purses full of gold? What, sir," said he, turning to the gaping farrier—"what if I promised thee to turn thine every word to a silver sixpence, and thy smutty grins to golden angels—what wouldst thou? Knock me in the head with thy dirty sledge, and bawl foul play?"

"Nay, that I 'd not," roared the burly smith, with a stupid, ox-like grin, scratching his tousled head; "I 'd say, 'Go it, bully, and a plague on him that said thee nay!'"

"And yet when I would fill this silly fellow's jerkin full of good gold Harry shovel-boards for the simple drawing of his breath, ye bawl 'Foul play!'"

"What, here! come out, lad," roared the smith, with a great horse-laugh, swinging Nick forward and thwacking him jovially between the shoulders with his brawny hand; "come out, and go along o' the master here,—'t is for thy good,—and ho-ome wull keep, I trow, till thou dost come again."

But Nick hung back, and clung to the blacksmith's grimy arm, crying in despair: "I will na—oh, I will na!"

"Tut, tut!" cried Master Carew. "Come, Nicholas; I mean thee well, I 'll speak thee fair, and I 'll treat thee true"—and he smiled so frankly that even Nick's doubts almost wavered. "Come, I'll swear it on my hilt," said he.

The smith's brow clouded. "Nay," said he; "we 'll no swearing by hilts or by holies here; the bailiff will na have it, sir."

"Good! then upon mine honour as an Englishman!" cried Carew. "What, how, bullies? Upon mine honour as an Englishman!—how is it? Here we be, all Englishmen together!"—and he clapped his hand to Will Hostler's shoulder, whereat Will stood up

very straight and looked around, as if all at once he were somebody, instead of somewhat less than nobody at all of any consequence; "What!—ye are all for fair play?—and I am for fair play, and good Master Smith, with his beautiful shoe, here, is for fair play! Why, sirs, my bullies, we are all for fair play; and what more can a man ask than good, downright English fair play? Nothing, say I. Fair play first, last, and all the time!"—and he waved his hand. "Hurrah for downright English fair play!"

"Hurrah, hurrah!" bellowed the crowd, swept along like bubbles in a flood. "Fair play, says we—English fair play—hurrah!" And those inside waved their hands, and those that were outside tossed up their caps, in sheer delight of good fair play.

"Hurrah, my bullies! That 's the cry!" said Carew, in his hail-fellow-well-met, royal way. "Why, we 're the very best of fellows, and the very fastest friends! Come, all to the old Three Lions inn, and douse a can of brown March brew at my expense. To the Queen, to good fair play, and to all the fine fellows in Albans town!"

And what did the crowd do but raise a shout, like a parcel of school-boys loosed for a holiday, and troop off to the Three Lions inn at Master Carew's heels, Will Hostler and the brawny smith bringing up the rear with Nick between them, hand to collar, half forgotten by the rest, and his heart too low for further grief.

And while the crowd were still roaring over their tankards and cheering good fair play, Master Gaston Carew up with his prisoner into the saddle, and, mounting himself, with the bandy-legged man grinning opposite, shook the dust of old St. Albans from his horse's heels.

"Now, Nicholas Attwood," said he, grimly, as they galloped away, "hark 'e well to what I have to say, and do not let it slip thy mind. I am willed to take thee to London town—dost mark me?—and to London town thou shalt go, warm or cold. By the whistle of the Lord High Admiral, I mean just what I say! So thou mayst take thy choice."

He griped Nick's shoulder as they rode, and glared into his eyes as if to sear them with his

own. Nick heard his poniard grating in its sheath, and shut his eyes so that he might not see the master-player's horrid stare; for the opening and shutting, opening and shutting, of the blue lids made him shudder.

"And what 's more," said Carew, sternly, "I shall call thee Master Skylark from this time forth—dost hear? And when I bid thee go, thou 'lt go; and when I bid thee come, thou 'lt come; and when I say, 'Here, follow me!' thou 'lt follow like a dog to heel!" He drew up his lip until his white teeth showed, and Nick, hearing them gritting together, shrank back dismayed.

"There!" laughed Carew, scornfully. "He that knows better how to tame a vixen or to cozen a pack of gulls, now let him speak!" and said no more until they passed by Chipping Barnet. Then, "Nick," said he, in a quiet, kindly tone, as if they had been friends for years, "this is the place where Warwick fell"; and pointed down the field. "There in the corner of that croft they piled the noble dead like corn upon a threshing-floor. Since then," said he, with quiet irony, "men have stopped making English kings as the Dutch make dolls, of a stick and a poll thereon."

Pleased with hearing his own voice, he would have gone on with many another thing; but seeing that Nick listened not at all to what he said, he ceased, and rode on silently or chatting with the others.

The country through Middlesex was in most part flat, and heavy forests overhung the road from time to time. There the players slipped their poniards, and rode with rapier in hand; for many a dark deed and cruel robbery had been done along this stretch of Watling Street. And as they passed, more than one dark-visaged rogue with branded hand and a price upon his head peered at them from the copses by the way.

In places where the woods crept very near they pressed closer together and rode rapidly; and the horse-boy and the grooms lit up the matches of their pistolets, and laid their harquebuses ready in rest, and blew the creeping sparkle snapping red at every turn; not so much really fearing an attack upon so stout a party of reckless, dashing blades, as being over-

awed by the great, mysterious silence of the forest, the semi-twilight all about, and the cold, strange-smelling wind that fanned their faces.

The wild spattering of hoofs in water-pools that lay unsucked by the sun in shadowy



"EVERY OLD SOLDIER WAS TO NICK'S EYES A POSSIBLE HERO."

stretches, the grim silence of the riders, and the wary eying of each covert as they passed, sent a thrill of excitement into Nick's heart too keen for any boy to resist.

Then, too, it was no everyday tale to be stolen away from home. It was a wild, strange thing with a strange, wild sound to it, not altogether terrible or unpleasant to a brave boy's ears in that wonder-filled age, when all the world was turned adventurer, and England led the fore; when Francis Drake and the "Golden Hind," John Hawkins and the "Victory," Frobisher and his cockleshells, were gossip for every English fireside; when the whole world

rang with English steel, and the wide sea foamed with English keels, and the air was full of the blaze of the living and the ghosts of the mighty dead. And down in Nick's plucky young English heart there came a spark like that which burns in the soul of a mariner when for the first time an unknown sea rolls on before his eyes.

Every old soldier they met upon the road was to Nick's eyes a possible hero coming from the conquest of barbaric regions; and he gazed curiously at the battered arms and bronzed faces.

So he rode on bravely, filled with a sense of daring and the thrill of perils more remote than Master Carew's altogether too adjacent poniard, as well as with a sturdy determination to escape at the first opportunity, in spite of all the master-player's threats.

Up Highgate Hill they rattled in a bracing northeast wind, the rugged country bowling back against the tumbled sky. Far to south a rusty haze had gloomed against the sun like a midday fog, mile after mile; and suddenly, as they topped the range and cleared the last low hill, they saw a city in the south spreading away until it seemed to Nick to girdle half the world and to veil the sky in a reek of murky sea-coal smoke.

"There!" said Carew, reining in the gray, as Nick looked up and felt his heart almost stand still; "since Parma burned old Antwerp, and the Low Countries are dead, there lies the market-heart of all the big round world!"

"London!" cried Nick; and, catching his breath with a quick gasp, sat speechless, staring.

Carew smiled. "Ay, Nick," said he, cheerily; "'t is London town. Pluck up thine heart, lad, and be no more cast down; there lies a New World ready to thine hand. Thou canst win it if thou wilt. Come, let it be thine Indies, thou Francis Drake, and I thy galleon to carry home the spoils! And cheer up. It grieves my heart to see thee sad. Be merry for my sake."

"For thy sake?" gasped Nick, staring blankly in his face. "Why, what hast thou done for me?" A sudden sob surprised him, and he clenched his fists—it was too cruel

irony. "Why, sir, if thou wouldst only leave me go!"

"Tut, tut!" cried Carew, angrily. "Still harping on that same old string? Why, from thy waking face I thought thou hadst dropped it long ago. Let thee go? Not for all the wealth in Lombard Street! Dost think me a goose-witted gull?—and dost ask what I have done for thee? Thou simpleton! I have made thee rise above the limits of thy wildest dream—have shod thy feet with gold—have filled thy lap with glory—have crowned thine head with fame! And yet, 'What have I done for thee?' Fie! Thou art a stubborn-hearted little fool. But, marry come up! I'll mend thy mind. I'll bend thy will to suit my way, or break it in the bending!"

Clapping his hand upon his poniard, he turned his back, and did not speak to Nick again.

And so they came down the Kentish Town road through a meadow-land threaded with flowing streams, the wild hill thickets of Hampstead Heath to right, the huddling villages of Islington, Hoxton, and Clerkenwell to left. And as they passed through Kentish Town, past Primrose Hill into Hampstead way, solitary farm-houses and lowly cottages gave way to burgher dwellings in orderly array, with manor-houses here and there, and in the distance palaces and towers reared their heads above the crowding chimney-pots.

Then the players dressed themselves in fair array, and flung their banners out, and came through Smithfield to Aldersgate, mocking the grim old gibbet there with railing gaiety; and through the gate rode into London town, with a long, loud cheer that brought the people crowding to their doors, and set the shutters creaking everywhere.

Nick was bewildered by the countless shifting gables and the throngs of people flowing onward like a stream, and stunned by the roar that seemed to boil out of the very ground. The horses' hoofs clashed on the unevenly paved street with a noise like a thousand smithies. The houses hung above him till they almost hid the sky, and seemed to be reeling and ready to fall upon his head when he looked up; so that he urged the little roan with his uneasy

heels, and wished himself out of this monstrous ruck where the walls were so close together that there was not elbow-room to live, and the air seemed only heat, thick and stifling, full of dust and smells.

Shop after shop, and booth on booth, until Nick wondered where the gardens were; and such a maze of lanes, byways, courts, blind alleys, and passages that his simple country footpath head went all into a tangle, and he could scarcely have told Tottenham Court Road from the River Thames.

All that he remembered afterward was that, turning from High Holborn into the Farringdon road, he saw a great church, under Ludgate Hill, with spire burned and fallen and its massive tower, black with age and smoke, staring on the town. But he was too confused to



"LET ME OUT!" HE CRIED, BEATING UPON THE DOOR. "LET ME OUT, I SAY!" (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

know whither they went or what he saw in passing; for of such a forest of houses he had never even dreamed; with people swarming everywhere like ants upon a hill; and among them all not one kind face he knew. Through

the spirit of adventure that had roused him for a time welled up a great heart-sickness for his mother and his home.

Out of a bewildered daze he came at last to realize this much: that the master-player's house was very tall and very dark, standing in a dismal, dirty street, and that it had a gloomy hallway full of shadows that crept and wavered along the wall in the dim light of the late afternoon.

Then the master-player pushed him up a narrow staircase and along a black corridor to a door at the end of the passage, through which he thrust him into a darkness like night, and slammed the door behind him.

Nick heard the bolts shoot heavily, and Master Carew call through the heavy panels: "Now, Jackanapes, sit down and chew the cud of solitude awhile. It may cool thy silly pate for thee, since nothing else will serve. When thou hast found thy common sense, perchance thou 'lt find thy freedom, not before." Then his step went down the corridor, down the stair, through the long hall—a door banged with a hollow sound that echoed through the house, and all was still.

At first, in the utter darkness, Nick could not see at all, and did not move for fear of falling down some awful hole; but as his eyes grew used to the gloom he saw that he was in a little room. The only window was boarded up, but a dim light crept in through narrow cracks and made faint bars across the air. Little motes floated up and down these thin blue bars, wavering in the uncertain light and then lost in the darkness. Upon the floor was a pallet of straw, covered with a coarse sheet, and having a rough coverlet of sheepskin. A round log was the only pillow.

Something moved. Nick, startled, peered into the shadows: it was a strip of ragged tapestry which fluttered on the wall. As he watched it flapping fitfully there came a hollow rattle in the wainscot, and an uncanny sound like the moaning of wind in the chimney.

"Let me out!" he cried, beating upon the door. "Let me out, I say!" A stealthy footstep seemed to go away outside. "Mother, mother!" he cried shrilly, now quite unstrung by fright, and beat frantically upon the door

until his hands ached; but no one answered. The window was beyond his reach. Throwing himself upon the hard pallet, he hid his eyes in the coverlet, and cried as if his heart would break.

CHAPTER XVI.

MA'M'SELLE CICELY CAREW.

How long he lay there in a stupor of despair Nick Attwood never knew. It might have been days, or weeks, for all that he took heed; for he was thinking of his mother, and there was no room for more.

The night passed by. Then the day came, by the lines of light that crept across the floor. The door was opened, at his back, and a trencher of bread and meat thrust in. He did not touch it, and the rats came out of the wall and pulled the meat about, and gnawed holes in the bread, and squeaked, and ran along the wainscot; but he did not care.

The afternoon dragged slowly by, and the creeping light went up the wall until the roofs across the street shut out the sunset. Sometimes Nick waked and sometimes he slept, he scarce knew which nor cared; nor did he hear the bolts grate cautiously, or see the yellow candle-light steal in across the gloom.

"Boy!" said a soft little voice.

He started up and looked around.

For an instant he thought that he was dreaming, and was glad to think that he would waken by and by from what had been so sad a dream, and find himself safe in his own little bed in Stratford town. For the little maid who stood in the doorway was such a one as his eyes had never looked upon before.

She was slight and graceful as a lily of the field, and her skin was white as the purest wax, save where a damask rose-leaf red glowed through her cheeks. Her black hair curled about her slender neck. Her gown was crimson, slashed with gold, cut square across the breast and simply made, with sleeves just elbow-long, wide-mouthed, and lined with creamy silk. Her slippers, too, were of crimson silk, high-heeled, jaunty bits of things; her silken stockings black. In one hand she held a tall brass candlestick, and through the fingers of

the other the candle-flame made a ruddy glow like the sun in the heart of a hollyhock. And in the shadow of her hand her eyes looked out, as Nick said long afterward, like stars in a summer night.

Thinking it was all a dream, he sat and stared at her.

"Boy!" she said again, quite gently, but with a quaint little air of reproof, "where are thy manners?"

Nick got up quickly and bowed as best he knew how. If not a dream, this was certainly a princess — and perchance — his heart leaped up — perchance she came to set him free! He wondered who had told her of him? Diccon Field, perhaps, whose father had been Simon Attwood's partner till he died, last Michaelmas. Diccon was in London now, printing books, he had heard. Or maybe it was John, Hal Saddler's older brother. No, it could not be John, for John was with a carrier; and Nick had doubts if carriers were much acquainted at court.

Wondering, he stared, and bowed again.

"Why, boy," said she, with a quaint air of surprise, "thou art a very pretty fellow! Why, indeed, thou lookest like a good boy! Why wilt thou be so bad and break my father's heart?"

"Break thy father's heart?" stammered Nick. "Pr'ythee, who is thy father, Mistress Princess?"

"Nay," said the little maid simply; "I am no princess. I am Cicely Carew."

"Cicely Carew?" cried Nick, clenching his fists. "Art thou the daughter of that wicked man, Gaston Carew?"

"My father is not wicked!" said she, passionately, drawing back from the threshold with her hand trembling upon the latch. "Thou shalt not say that — I will not speak with thee at all!"

"I do na care! If Master Gaston Carew is thy father, he is the wickedest man in the world!"

"Why, fie, for shame!" she cried, and stamped her little foot. "How darest thou say such a thing?"

"He hath stolen me from home," exclaimed Nick indignantly; "and I shall never see my

mother any more!" With that he choked, and hid his face in his arm against the wall.

The little maid looked at him with an air of troubled surprise, and coming into the room, touched him on the arm. "There," she said soothingly; "don't cry!" and stroked him gently as one would a little dog that was hurt. "My father will send thee home to thy mother, I know; for he is very kind and good. Some one hath lied to thee about him."

Nick wiped his swollen eyes dubiously upon his sleeve; yet the little maid seemed positive. Perhaps, after all, there was a mistake somewhere.

"Art hungry, boy?" she asked suddenly, spying the empty trencher on the floor. "There is a pasty and a cake in the buttery, and thou shalt have some of it if thou wilt not cry any more. Come, I cannot bear to see thee cry — it makes me weep myself; and that will blear mine eyes, and father will feel bad."

"If he but felt as bad as he hath made me feel —" began Nick wrathfully; but she laid her little hand across his mouth. It was a very white, soft, sweet little hand.

"Come," said she; "thou art hungry, and it hath made thee cross!" — and with no more ado, took him by the hand and led him down the corridor into a large room where the last daylight shone with a smoky glow.

The walls were wainscoted with many panels, dark, old, and mysterious; and in a burnished copper brazier at the end of the room cinnamon, rosemary, and bay were burning with a pleasant smell. Along the walls were joined-work chests for linen and napery, of brass-bound oak — one a black, old, tragic sea-chest, carved with grim faces and weird griffins, that had been cast up by the North Sea from the wreck of a Spanish galleon of war. The floor was waxed in the French fashion, and was so smooth that Nick could scarcely keep his feet. The windows were high up in the wall, with their heads among the black roof-beams, which with their grotesquely carven brackets were half lost in the dusk. Through the windows Nick could see nothing but a world of chimney-pots.

"Is London town all smoke-pipes?" he asked confusedly.

"Nay," replied the little maid; "there are people."

Pushing a chair up to the table, she bade him sit down. Then pulling a tall, curiously-made stool to the other side of the board, she perched herself upon it like a fairy upon a blade of grass. "Greg!" she called imperiously, "Greg! What, how! Gregory Goole, I say!"

"Yes, ma'm'selle," replied a hoarse voice without; and through a door at the further end of the room came the bandy-legged man with the bow of crimson ribbon in his ear.

Nick turned a little pale; and when the fellow saw him sitting there, he came up hastily, with a look like a crock of sour milk. "Tut, tut! ma'm'selle," said he; "Master Carew will not like this."

She turned upon him with an air of dainty scorn. "Since when hath father left his wits to thee, Gregory Goole? I know his likes as well as thou—and it likes him not to let this poor boy starve, I'll warrant. Go, fetch the pasty and the cake that are in the buttery, with a glass of cordial,—the Certosa cordial,—and that in the shaking of a black sheep's tail, or I will tell my father what thou wottest of." And she looked the very picture of diminutive severity.

"Very good, ma'm'selle; just as ye say," said Gregory, fawning, with very poor grace, however. "But, knave," he snarled, as he turned away, with a black scowl at Nick, "if thou dost venture on any of thy scurvy pranks while I be gone, I'll break thy pate."

Cicely Carew knitted her brows. "That is a saucy rogue," said she; "but he hath served my father well. And, what is much in London town, he is an honest man withal, though I have caught him at the Spanish wine behind my father's back; so he doth butter his tongue with smooth words when he hath speech with me, for I am the lady of the house." She held up her head with a very pretty pride. "My mother—"

Nick caught his breath and his eyes filled.

"Nay, boy," said she, gently; "t is I should weep, not thou; for my mother is dead. I do not think I ever saw her that I know," she went on musingly; "but she was a Frenchwoman who served a murdered queen, and she

was the loveliest woman that ever lived." Cicely clasped her hands and moved her lips. Nick saw that she was praying, and bent his head.

"Thou art a good boy," she said softly; "my father will like that"; and then went quietly on: "That is why Gregory Goole doth call me 'ma'm'selle'—because my mother was a Frenchwoman. But I am a right English girl for all that; and when they shout, 'God save the Queen!' at the play, why, I do, too! And oh, boy," she cried, "it is a brave thing to hear!" and she clapped her hands with sparkling eyes. "It drove the Spaniards off the sea, my father oftentimes saith."

"Poh!" said Nick, stoutly, for he saw the pasty coming in, "they can na beat us Englishmen!" and with that fell upon the pasty as if it were the Spanish Armada in one lump and he Sir Francis Drake set on to do the job alone.

As he ate his spirits rose again, and he almost forgot that he was stolen from his home, and grew eager to be seeing the wonders of the great town whose ceaseless roar came over the housetops like a distant storm. He was still somewhat in awe of this beautiful, flower-like little maid, and listened in shy silence to the wonderful tales she told: how that she had seen the Queen, who had red hair, and pearls like gooseberries on her cloak; and how the court went down to Greenwich. But the bandy-legged man kept popping his head in at the door, and, after all, Nick was but in a prison-house; so he grew quite dismal after a while.

"Dost truly think thy father will leave me go?" he asked.

"Of course he will," said she. "I cannot see why thou dost hate him so?"

"Why, truly," hesitated Nick, "perhaps it is not thy father that I hate, but only that he will na leave me go. And if he would but leave me go, perhaps I'd love him very much indeed."

"Good, Nick! thou art a trump!" cried Master Carew's voice suddenly from the further end of the hall, where in spite of all the candles it was dark; and, coming forward, the master-player held out his hands in a most genial way. "Come, lad, thy hand—'t is spoken like a gentleman. Nay, I will kiss thee

—for I love thee, Nick, upon my word and on the remnant of mine honour!" Taking the boy's half-unwilling hands in his own, he stooped and kissed him upon the forehead.

"Father," said Cicely, gravely, "hast thou forgotten me?"

twined her arms about his neck and then lay back with her head upon his shoulder, purring like a kitten in his arms.

"Father," said she, patting his cheek, "some one hath told him naughty things of thee. Come, daddy, say they are not so!"



"CICELY DARTED TO HIS SIDE WITH A FRIGHTENED CRY." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

"Nay, sweetheart, nay," cried Carew, with a wonderful laugh that somehow warmed the cockles of Nick's forlorn heart; and turning quickly, the master-player caught up the little maid and kissed her again and again, so tenderly that Nick was amazed to see how one so 'cruel could be so kind, and how so good a little maid could love so bad a man; for she

The master-player's face turned red as flame. He coughed and looked up among the roof-beams. "Why, of course they 're not," said he, uneasily.

"There, boy!" cried she; "I told thee so. Why, daddy, think!—they said that thou hadst stolen him away from his own mother, and would not leave him go!"

"Hollo!" ejaculated the master-player abruptly, with a quiver in his voice; "what a hole thou hast made in the pasty, Nick!"

"Ah, daddy," persisted Cicely, "and what a hole it would make in his mother's heart if he had been stolen away!"

"Wouldst like another draught of cordial, Nick?" cried Carew hurriedly, reaching out for the tall flagon with a trembling hand. "'T is good to cheer the troubled heart, lad. Not that thou hast any reason in the world to let thy heart be troubled," he added hastily. "No, indeed, upon my word; for thou art on the doorstep of a golden-lined success. See, Nick, how the light shines through!" and he tilted up the flagon. "It is one of old Jake Vesalaine's Murano-Venetian glasses; a beautiful thing, now, is it not? 'T is good as any made abroad!" but his hand was shaking so that half the cordial missed the cup and ran into a little shimmering pool upon the table-top.

"And thou 'lt send him home again, daddy, wilt thou not?"

"Yes, yes, of course—why, to be sure—we 'll send him anywhere that thou dost say, Golden-heart: to Persia or Cathay—ay, to the far side of the green-cheese moon, or to the court of Tamburlaine the Great," and he laughed a quick, dry, nervous laugh that had no laughter in it. "I had one of De Lannoy's red Bohemian bottles, Nick," he rattled on feverishly; "but that butter-fingered rogue"—he nodded his head at the outer stair—"dropped it, smash! and made a thousand most counterfeit fourpences out of what cost me two pound sterling."

"But will ye truly leave me go, sir?" faltered Nick.

"Why, of course—to be sure—yes, certainly—yes, yes. But, Nick, it is too late this night. Why, come, thou couldst not go to-night. See, 't is dark, and thou a stranger in the town. 'T is far to Stratford town—thou couldst not walk it, lad; there will be carriers anon. Come, stay a while with Cicely and me—we will make thee a right welcome guest!"

"That we will," cried Cicely, clapping her hands. "Oh, do stay; I am so lonely here! The maid is silly, Margot old, and the rats run in the wall."

"And thou must to the theater, my lad, and

sing for London town—ay, Nicholas," and Carew's voice rang proudly. "The highest heads in London town must hear that voice of thine, or I shall die unshrift. What! lad?—come all the way from Coventry, and never show that face of thine, nor let them hear thy skylark's song? Why, 't were a shame! And, Nick, my lord the Admiral shall hear thee sing when he comes home again; perchance the Queen herself. Why, Nick, of course thou 'lt sing. Thou hast not heart to say thou wilt not sing—even for me whom thou hatest."

Nick smiled in spite of himself, for Cicely was leaning on the arm of his chair, devouring him with her great dark eyes. "Dost truly, truly sing?" she asked.

Nick laughed and blushed, and Carew laughed. "What, doth he sing? Why, Nick, come, tune that skylark note of thine for little Golden-heart and me. 'T will make her think she hears the birds in verity—and, Nick, the lass hath never seen a bird that sang, except within a cage. Nay, lad, this is no cage!" he cried, as Nick looked about and sighed. "We will make it very home for thee—will Cicely and I."

"That we will!" cried Cicely. "Come, boy, sing for me—my mother used to sing."

At that Gaston Carew went white as a sheet, and put his hand quickly up to his face. Cicely darted to his side with a frightened cry, and caught his hand away. He tried to smile, but it was a ghastly attempt. "Tush, tush! little one; 't was something stung me!" said he, huskily. "Sing, Nicholas, I beg of thee!"

There was such a sudden world of weariness and sorrow in his voice that Nick felt a pity for he knew not what, and lifting up his clear young voice, he sang the quaint old madrigal.

Carew sat with his face in his hand, and after it was done arose unsteadily and said, "Come, Golden-heart, 't is music such as charmeth care and lureth sleep out of her dark valley—we must be trotting off to bed."

That night Nick slept upon a better bed, with a sheet and a blue serge coverlid, and a pillow stuffed with chaff.

But as he drifted off into a troubled dream-land, he heard the door-bolt throb into its socket, and knew that he was fastened in.

(To be continued.)

JED'S WINDMILL.

BY GRACE WICKHAM CURRAN.

"Now, Jed, my boy, you must take good care of mother and Amy while I am gone. You are getting to be such a man that I don't mind the long months away so much as I used to. It will be a good many weeks yet before the cold weather sets in, and you will have time to get everything about the place snug."

The old "bunty" was slowly making its way through the little cove, and up the river mouth, propelled by the strong strokes of the father's oars, and by the weaker ones of those held by the boy.

It was the first of September, and Jed Benson's father was on his way to join a party of men bound for a lumbering camp in northern Michigan.

"Don't worry about us, father," replied Jed, bravely; "but I do wish you could have found a job in some camp nearer home."

"Yes, I wish so, too; it is a long way to go. They are cutting so little timber around here just now that the jobs are not very steady, and the boys say that this means work for all winter, so we must be thankful for what we have."

"The worst part of it all, father, is having you gone so long. It will be terribly lonesome."

Just then Jed's oar "caught a crab," and perhaps that was the explanation of the big drop of water which splashed down on the back of his small, brown hand. At any rate, he pulled with such vim for the next few minutes that they soon came alongside the high dock, and after a word or two of good-by, the father clambered up, and Jed turned the boat and headed her back down the river.

The journey home was much slower than the trip down had been, and it was long past noon before the flat bottom of the bunty grated on the pebbly strip at the water's edge, and Jed jumped out, and drew the boat up high and dry on the beach.

The shore at this point was wide and sandy, and back of it the bank rose abruptly. As far as the eye could see along the bank in both directions, pine trees rose straight and tall, an even, monotonous growth. Here, on this western shore of Lake Huron, in a rough, unpainted, weatherbeaten house, with the blue waters of the lake in front, and miles of pine forest stretching away behind, Jed Benson had lived his short eleven years. A dreary, lonely, monotonous life? Yes; in a way perhaps it was; and yet there are few boys who lead busier or even happier lives than did Jed.

The summers were long, delightful periods of enchantment, from the time when, a tiny little fellow, he had played in the yellow sands, to the later years when he had grown strong and experienced enough to be trusted with the old bunty, a pair of oars, and fishing-tackle. In the long summer evenings his father told stories of his winter's experiences in the lumbering-camps, and at the same time kept his hands busy whittling out curious and ingenious toys.

Although Jed had never been to school he had learned to read, and he owned three books which he had hunted out from a box of old books and papers in the attic—a Webster's Dictionary, an old "Natural Philosophy" written for beginners and full of experiments, and a much worn copy of Andersen's Fairy Tales.

From the dictionary he had learned to spell, and to study out the meanings of words. The Philosophy was a wonderful mine of knowledge—and the fairy tales—ah! those he had read and re-read till he knew them nearly by heart.

Friends of his own age he had none, it is true, but not having known such companionship, he had never missed it.

The spring when Jed was five years old his father had whittled out for him a little wooden windmill and had fastened it to a stout stick

firmly set up on the bank in front of the house overlooking the shore and lake. By the end of the first summer it had grown to be one of the belongings of the place, and when Jed went to play in the sand or to wade along the water's edge, he felt that it protected him in

warm and comfortable, and Jed was sure that it sometimes waved its arms gratefully toward him.

As a result of the close companionship which thus sprang up between Jed and his windmill, and from his life in the open air, Jed in time



"JED'S FATHER HAD WHITTLED OUT FOR HIM A LITTLE WOODEN WINDMILL."

some way,—at least, he thought he was always safe if he were in sight of it.

In the fall Jed used to stand at the window and watch with great delight the mad whirling of its arms; but one night, during a heavy northeaster, he lay awake a long time listening to the pitiful creaking of the windmill, and in the morning he found two little arms lying broken on the ground, from the force of the storm. This was more than his tender heart could bear. Jed's father mended the broken arms, but Jed felt he had been thoughtless.

So after that the little windmill was carefully taken down each fall when the winds began to blow cold, and put up in a sheltered place under the eaves of the porch, where it looked

grew to be quite a reliable weather prophet, and if any one had asked him to explain the reasons for the morning lake-breeze, the evening land-breeze, and the sudden rise of squalls and tempests, he could have done it most intelligently, for he had not conned the old Philosophy in vain, and the chapter on "Winds" was one especially thumbed.

Upon Jed's return from the village on this September morning, he climbed rather listlessly up the bank, tired and warm after the exertion of rowing. His mother was standing by the porch, twisting the wayward branches and tendrils of a hop-vine around the strings that had been stretched for its support from the floor of the porch to the roof.

"Well, mother, father 's gone. It seems dreadfully lonesome already, does n't it?"

"Yes, Jed, we shall be pretty much alone; but we may be thankful if father gets plenty of work — though I do think those Northern woods are dangerous places in dry weather, and I suppose we must expect considerable warm weather the rest of this month. Those forest fires start so easily, and come on so fast, and we have had so little rain. But we won't borrow trouble. We shall have enough to do to make both ends meet while he 's gone. After you cool off, you 'd better bring up a few pails of water for the kitchen. The cistern is so low I am afraid to use it except for drinking-water."

Yes, there was plenty to do — water to carry, fish to catch, and chickens to feed. The work seemed harder than usual, for the heat grew more intense than it had been during the whole summer. Once a week Jed rowed over to the village, two and a half miles away, to see if there were a letter from father, and to bring back the grocery supplies. The last time he went over he had stopped to listen to the men in the store, who were talking over the forest fires which had been and were still raging in various parts of the State. He was fearful of hearing them speak of one in the vicinity where his father was at work; and when he reached home he threw himself down on the ground by the windmill and cried out, "Oh, my little windmill! the winds come and whisper their secrets to you — can't you tell me if father is in any danger? You see, if anything happens to him, I am the only man left to take care of mother and the baby!" But the windmill only turned lazily about, and if it knew any secret, it did not reveal it.

It grew hotter and hotter. The air was thick with the smoke which drifts from the forest fires so many hundreds of miles throughout the whole lake-region. It became almost unendurable to work in the little garden, or to sit out in the boat trying to catch fish. The fish would n't bite; everything seemed languid and depressed.

Even the windmill itself shifted uneasily, turned its arms fitfully about, or stood motionless in the quiet heaviness of the atmosphere.

Every afternoon, — indeed, all day long, — the sun hung like a great copper ball in the heavens, and every evening it disappeared long before the hour of sunset in a dense mass of pink smoke. No rain fell, and more and more frequent became the accounts of fires, in the stray newspapers which Jed brought back from the village.

One day the sun had risen dull and coppery as usual, no breeze had sprung up to relieve the stagnant heat, the windmill stood motionless, and Jed lay on the soft carpet of pine-needles, looking up at the branches of the trees outlined against the sky. It was about two o'clock in the afternoon, and he was waiting till the cool of the day to row over to the village. Suddenly the arms of the little windmill turned toward the lake, and began to revolve rapidly as a strong, cool breeze set in from the water. The



JED.

air became cleared of smoke, so that for the first time in many days the sun shone brightly.

Jed pondered to himself the reason for this, as he jumped up and ran down the winding steps in the bank to pull the boat higher up on the sand. For days the water had been so smooth and glassy that he had carelessly left the boat lying at the very water's edge to save him-



"SUDDENLY THE ARMS OF THE LITTLE WINDMILL TURNED TOWARD THE LAKE."

self the trouble of dragging it back and forth in the heat.

No storm-clouds were gathering, no squall was threatening—there was not *that* excuse for the breeze which had sprung up so suddenly. All at once a paragraph from the old Philosophy came to him as vividly as if he were reading it from the page itself. "The hot air rising from the land creates a vacuum into which rushes the colder air from just above the water."

"But," thought Jed, "the hot air has been rising from the land for many days, and there has been a little freshening of the air in the middle of the mornings, though nothing like this. What *can* be the reason, unless—" and Jed stood still, his brown, sunburned face almost paling, as the thought in his mind rushed on, wording itself thus: "Unless the forest fires are coming *here*—unless they are closing in upon us!"

A childlike feeling of helplessness came over

him, a longing to run to his mother; but he remembered his father's last words—that he should care for mother and Amy; and the sense of his dignity as a protector brought with it a manly resolve. The desire for sympathy was so strong, however, that he rushed back up the bank and straight to the side of his windmill. Throwing one arm about the staff to which it was fastened, he looked far out on the water, eagerly but vainly scanning the distant horizon for a possible sign of an approaching storm.

"Tell me what it all means, little windmill," he cried. "Show me what is the matter quick enough, so that I can help mother and the baby!"

The arms of the little windmill turned on and on, faster and faster, but its creaking voice said no new thing. Still, Jed's heart grew brave as he stood there, and he began to think and plan.

In his forest home he had read and heard of many great fires, and the cruel details of all these stories crowded into his mind at once.

Whole villages had been overtaken by the flames and destroyed in a few short hours. Families living in the woods had fled from their homes, only to be suffocated by the smoke or killed by falling fire-brands.

"Oh, it is too terrible to think of! And yet, since the windmill has given me a warning, can't I do something to save us all from such a death? I must not frighten mother until I am sure; but I can get everything ready, so that we can fly to the water, our only safety if the fire does come."

So for several hours he ran quickly and quietly about, gathering together whatever things he thought would be useful; and if his mother noticed him at all, she thought only that the fresh breeze from the lake was making him feel better and a little more like working. She sat quietly sewing in the front room, so she did not see him as he hurriedly put into a basket in the kitchen all the food he could find cooked and ready for eating. Shawls and thick coats he tied together, and did not forget a little pillow for the baby to sleep on; for it would be a whole night, and perhaps more than one, which they would be obliged to spend in the boat before they could find some place of shelter. All the valuables which he could not take away, but which he dreaded to think of losing, he carried down to the shore and buried deep in the sand.

Late in the afternoon, when his preparations were nearly completed, he sat down for a few moments to rest near his windmill. It had ceased its turning, and stood quiet; but as he looked at it, it swung slowly first one way and then another, as if reluctant to look away from the beautiful blue waters it had gazed upon so many years. Finally turning its back upon them, it faced landward, and then once more the little arms began to fly, faster and faster,



"FINALLY THE GREAT FLAMES LEAPED FROM TREE-TOP TO TREE-TOP." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

and with its turning the hot air, thick with smoke, came sweeping on, choking and stifling everything which drew breath. Jed jumped up

and stood for just a moment, realizing with an overwhelming fear that what he had anticipated had really come, then ran to the house, where on the porch he met his mother, with a look of alarm upon her face.

"What does it mean, Jed?" she cried out.

"It is the fire, mother; the fire we were afraid of for father has come to us. But don't be afraid, mother," as her face turned pale and she caught at the railing; "we will run to the boat, and out on the water we shall be safe."

There was no time for Jed to tell how he had guessed the coming of the fire. Snatching the baby and helplessly looking for a moment round her little home, the mother hastened with him down the bank, and not until his strong young arms had pulled the boat out upon the protecting bosom of the lake did she learn of the precautions, which her brave boy had taken to save their lives and to provide for their comfort.

Once out of danger, Jed looked back for a farewell glance at his windmill, and was glad and proud that it stood with its face to the danger, and glad, too, that the little whirling arms were turned away from him, for he could not have borne the sight of them outstretched toward him, beseeching, imploring him not to desert his little friend and comrade.

Darkness was coming on, so the little party in the boat rowed but a short distance out, and then dropped anchor. The fire came on and on, the smoke rolling out in such dense vol-

umes as almost to blind them for a time, and then lifting to show a dull red glow upon the sky. Nearer and nearer it came; the crackle and roar became louder and louder, and finally great flames leaped from tree-top to tree-top. It was a wonderful, majestic sight, the grandest fireworks little Jed had ever seen; and his childish imagination could not stifle the admiration of it, in spite of the heartbreak at seeing the destruction of his home.

They did not try to row away that night, but sat and watched the fire stretching away along the banks of the lake as far as they could see, and only when its fury had spent itself did they fall asleep.

Early in the morning, when day was just breaking, they awoke and made ready for the long row which lay ahead of them; for it might be many days before they could get beyond the fire-belt and reach kind friends who would succor them.

Turning to look back, they beheld the heap of ruins where their happy home had been, the tall, blackened tree-trunks stretching along the shore as silent indicators of the destruction which the raging fire had left behind. The pole which had borne the windmill stood blackened and charred, and the little arms had dropped at its side. Its short career was over, but not in vain; for was not one boy wiser, stronger, braver, and truer for the lessons which the little windmill had taught him?

And at the last it had saved three lives.

A WINTER DAY.

BY M. L. VAN VORST.

A LINE of white is on the hedge
This shining, sparkling winter's day;
I lean upon the window-ledge
And brush the pretty snow away.

It made the fields and gardens white;
It lies upon the roofs and ground.
It fell so softly in the night,
When I was sleeping safe and sound.

I think I'll go and get my sled,
My little gloves Grandmother knit,
My cap with tabs, my muffler red—
And try to coast a little bit.

"Go out before it melts away,"
My mother said. I hope she'll stand
There in the window, while I play,
And smile and nod, and wave her hand.

The Rhyme of the Drumlie Drummer



BY LAURA E. RICHARDS.

ONCE there was a little boy,
Who in drumming found his joy;
Dawn and daybreak, noon and night,
Drumming was his heart's delight.
When above his task he bent,
"Tum-te-tum," his fingers went;
When at games he smiling sat,
Still they sounded, "Rat, tat, tat."
On the table, on the chair,
On the crystal window fair,
On his book or on his work,
With his spoon or with his fork,
Still this foolish little body
Drummed and drummed, "Te-tum-te-toddy."
If his hands were busied quite,
Still his feet kept up the fight:
"Rumpty tumpty, tiddlety tee,
Rumpity-boom-dee-boom-ty-dee."

But one evening, sad to tell,
Something very strange befell.

VOL. XXIV.—49.

Suddenly—a dreadful comer—
In there marched the Drumlie Drummer.
Eight feet tall and four feet wide,
Yards of bearskin cap beside.
Armed with drumsticks thick and long,
Made of hardest wood and strong.
Then the youngster's arm seized he;
Said, "My boy, now come with me!
Autumn, winter, spring, and summer,
All your life you've been a drummer;
Now, my little Master Ned,
You shall be a drum, instead!"
Tied his arms, his ankles, too,
With a ribbon broad and blue;
Slung him round his neck. "And now,
Master Ned, I'll show you how."
Marching, marching through the town
Goes the Drummer up and down:
"Tum-te-tum-te-tum-te-tum,"
Goes the dreadful, Nedful drum.
Dangling from the ribbon blue,

Neddy feels the dread tattoo,
 "Rumpty-iddity-whango-whack!"
 Up and down upon his back.

Neddy's shrieks distract the air,
 Yet no creature seems to care;
 Father, mother, sister dear,
 Pass him by and never hear.
 "Rub-a-dub-dub-a-dub-di-do-dee,
 Drumming is the sport for me;
 Di-do-di-do, dum-dum-dum!
 See my dreadful, Nedful drum.
 Tum-tum-tum-tum-tum-tum-tum —
 Here I go, the Drumlíe Drummer.
 Little boys who can't keep still,
 Come with me and soon you will.

Tumplety-tumplety-tumplety-tec,
 Rub-a-dub-dub-a-dub-dub-a-dub-dee,
 Rumpty-iddity-whango-whack,
 Up and down upon your back."

When at last unhappy Ned
 Woke to find himself in bed,
 From his toes up to his crown,
 All was black and blue and brown;
 And his back did ache, and ache —
 Really, truly, fit to break.
 Mother, with a plaster hid it —
 Said that horrid football did it.
 Ned said nothing; but I hear
 That he drums no more this year.



ANIMAL TRACKS IN THE SNOW.

BY BARNEY HOSKIN STANDISH.

THERE are three classes of people who are especially interested in animal tracks in the snow: country boys who go cross lots and through woods to school in winter, woodsmen in general, whether hunters, trappers, or lovers of nature, and artists who paint winter landscapes and country scenes. The tracks here represented are copied from nature, with the animal in sight, and are nearly as typical of their kind as the tracks of man are of mankind. In each case they represent the animal as if going up the page, and in each group of tracks the upper or head ones are made by the hind feet (with a possible exception in No. 4). It is with the hind feet upon the ground in front of the fore feet that the animal makes its spring.

The Rabbit sleeps by day in tufts of grasses and brush-piles. At night it comes forth to browse, ornamenting the snow with its almost unchanging groups of footprints. It never walks, but it hops a few inches and jumps several feet. In its jumps one fore foot is placed directly in front of the other, and the hind feet are thrown outside and ahead of them. The fore feet come up, one at a time, as the hind feet go down; and the animal is thus doubled up for the leap. No. 1 represents the tracks.

The Deer is noted for its long leap and the high rate of speed which it is capable of attaining. Unlike the rabbit or the fox, it has hoofs, and a single footprint is not unlike that of the sheep. Its walking-tracks are represented by No. 3. You will observe that they are but slightly spread. No. 2 represents the tracks of its leaps, and of course the forward ones are made by the hind feet.

The Muskrat is more or less active all winter, for it stores no food, but obtains it under the ice. This consists of aquatic plants and their roots. On warm days you may find its

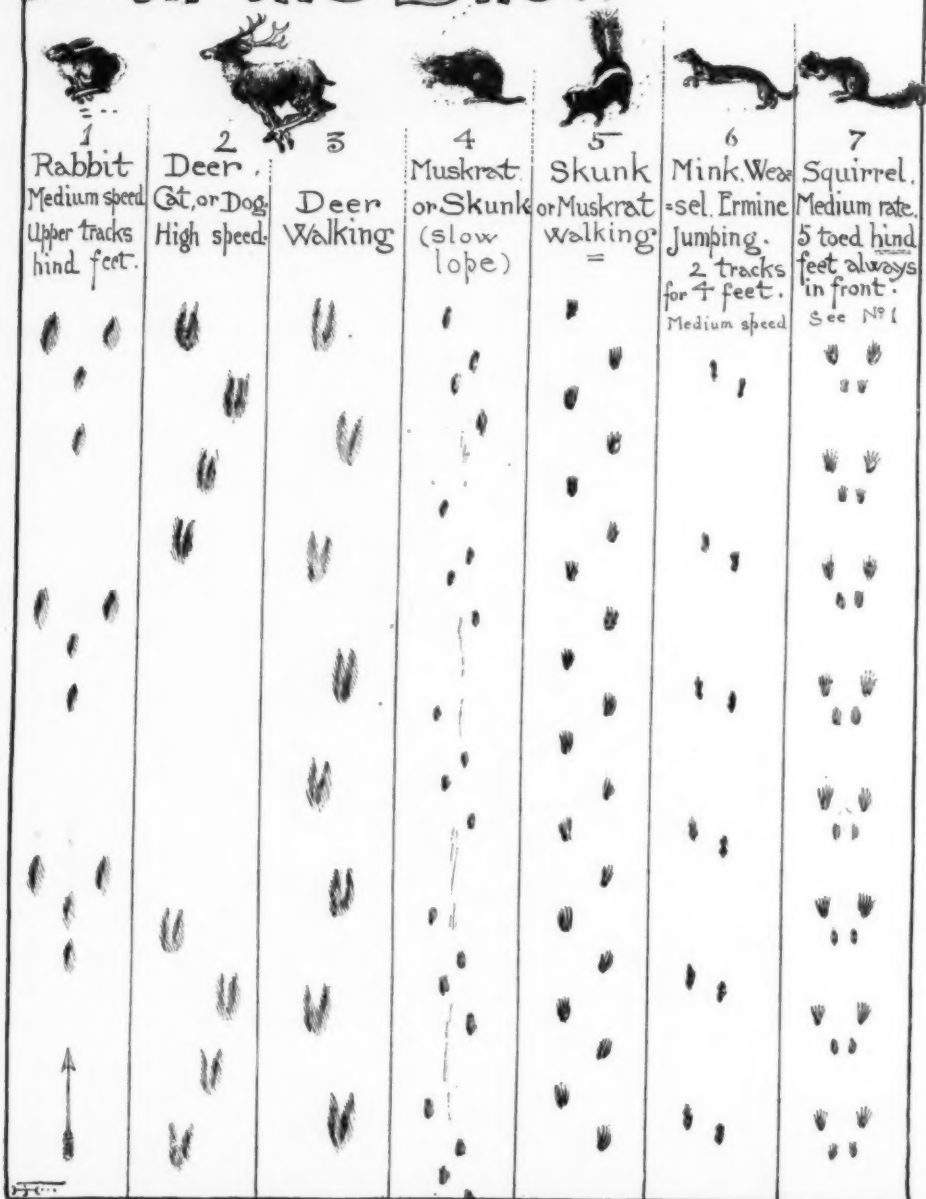
tracks beside the open streams. It is not a good walker—some woodsmen maintain it never walks when traveling. The tracks of its short, slow jump are shown by No. 4.

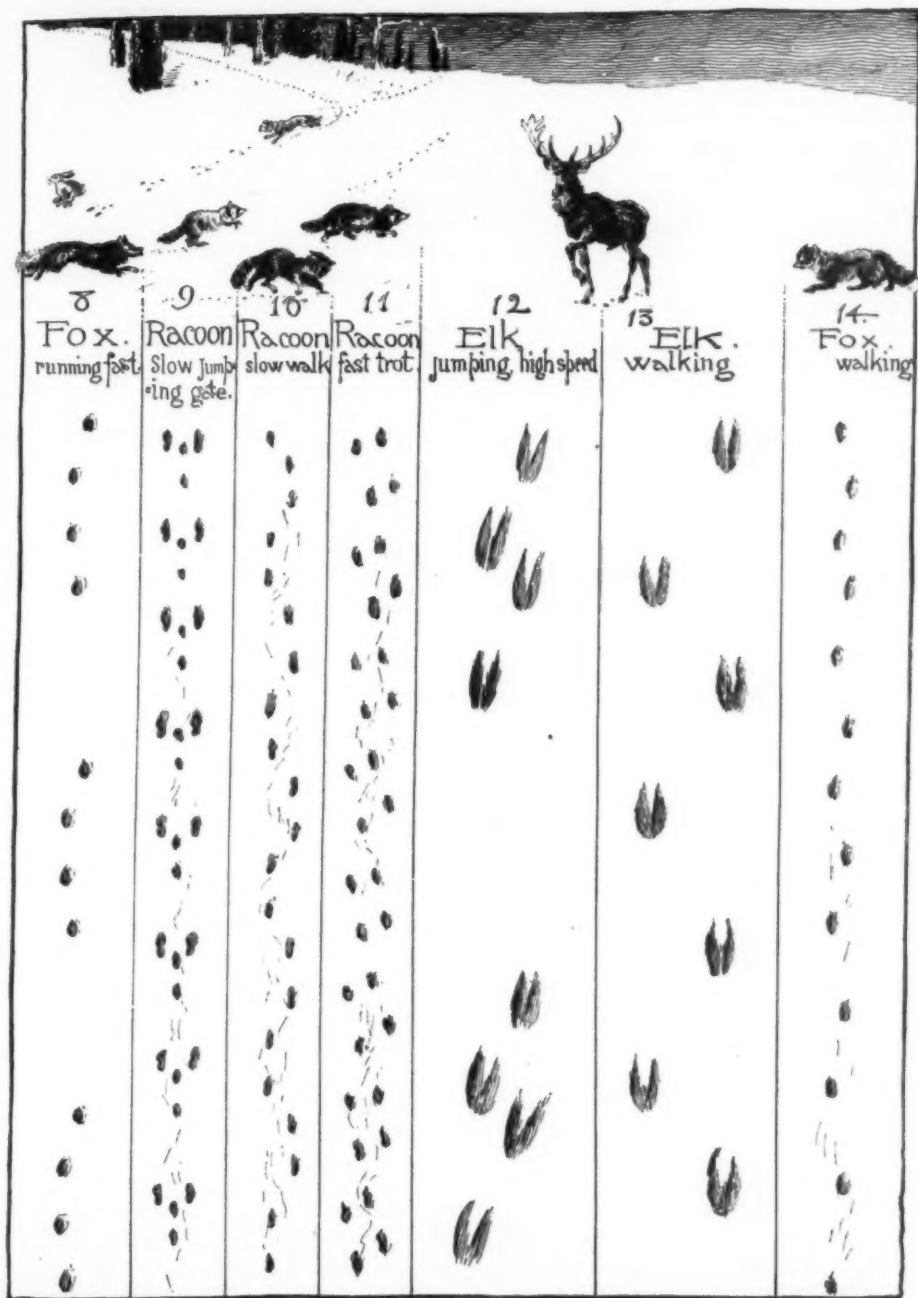
The Skunk during the colder part of winter remains in its den, which is usually a hollow log or an earth burrow. Long before snow disappears, however, you may expect to find its footprints. It sleeps by day and hunts by night. The tracks made when walking are so wide apart that they appear in two rows, as may be seen by looking at No. 5 held level with the eye. This may be because the skunk's legs are short and its body wide. Although this animal has a wabbling canter, it is slow on foot, and seldom attempts to run when in danger. It has a surer means of self-defense. No. 4 shows the tracks of the short, awkward leap.

The Mink makes its nest in the banks of streams, in hollow logs, and among rocks. Its feet are partly webbed, and it is an excellent swimmer, capable of catching fish. This animal seems, however, incapable of walking, and when on land or ice proceeds by a series of jumps, often so long that you would say it was fleeing from danger. For each jump it leaves but two tracks. This, no doubt, is the result of raising its fore feet, one at a time, and sliding its hind feet under them, as the leap is finished. No. 6 represents the tracks that it leaves in the snow. The Weasel and Ermine make similar tracks.

Squirrels during the coldest weather of winter sleep in their nests in hollow trees, and also in those made of leaves in tree-tops. But on warm, sunshiny days they come forth. Therefore it cannot be truly said that they are hibernating animals. Their fore legs are short compared with their hind ones, and the feet on these legs have but four toes, while their hind ones have five. As they pass from tree to tree in the snow they leave their four-cornered groups

Animal Tracks in the Snow





of tracks; and you may notice that the five-toed feet make the front tracks. They are larger and wider apart than those of the fore feet.

The Fox is noted for its long leaps and great speed, being able to overtake and devour rabbits, and to escape danger itself when pursued. When walking it puts one foot nearly ahead of another, thus leaving what approaches a single line of tracks. These tracks much resemble those of the domestic cat, and many a hunter has followed the latter, thinking himself in pursuit of Reynard. No. 14 represents the tracks made in walking, and No. 8 those in running. Of course, in the latter figure the forward or upper tracks are made by the hind feet, for it is from these feet he is able to spring so far.

The Racoon's favorite home is a hollow tree near a stream or body of water. This animal hibernates in winter, but long before the snow is off it is dotted and figured by its feet. Its tracks are along the river and in the gorge by the brook, where it goes to hunt for clams

snails and water-beetles. In fact, it is hungry enough now to eat a dead fish or the bits of the partridge that the owl has left. Its hind feet are shaped much like the feet of a child, but they have long toes. The tracks of these long, wide-spreading toes will not be likely to be distinct in the snow, but in the mud they show plainly. It is not a fast runner, and its lope is somewhat logy. No. 9 represents the foot-prints of its leap at a low rate of speed; No. 10, a slow hunting-walk; and No. 11, a trot.

The Elk, though much smaller and slimmer than a domestic cow, has feet much like hers. Indeed, they are so large that its walking-tracks (No. 13) might be mistaken for those of the tame animal. The elk, however, is capable of long leaps. I have known one to clear twelve feet when hard pressed. No. 12 are typical tracks, but the elk is more apt than the deer to vary from the type. When jumping a stream or object that requires unusual effort, the elk places its feet as the rabbit does (see No. 1).

THE LITTLE FRENCH POODLE.

BY LAURA CATE.

ONE time I saw a little dog.
 "Oh, little dog," said I,
 "You are the *dearest* little dog!
 Now tell me, can you fly?"

The little dog he said: "Oh, yes!"
 And jumped right o'er the bench.
 Said I: "You clever little dog!"
 (I said it, though, in French.)

The little dog he looked at me,
 And slyly winked his eye.
 I looked at him, and then I laughed;
 "You *funny* dog!" said I.

"You 're just the smartest little dog
 That ever jumped a bench."
 The little dog he looked at me,
 And wagged his tail (in French).

JUNE'S GARDEN.

BY MARION HILL.

[*Begun in the November number.*]

CHAPTER IX.

RATHER ENCOURAGING.

JUNE took Leila with her, both girls agreeably anxious to find out the reason for Sarah's signal. The rich girl's room was at all times a delightful retreat. It had big arm-chairs, and window-seats, and cozy nooks, and picturesque couches, and everything else that is dear to young persons' hearts. Sarah herself, without her crutch, and in all the glory of a dainty house-gown, in the depths of some cushioned corner, was as pretty a sight as one could wish to see. This particular evening she was radiant with suppressed excitement.

"June, dear, it has come at last!"

"What?" asked June, tucking Leila into a seat.

"Success! I am a 'liter'y character' at last." And she waved a magazine in triumph.

"No! Glory! You don't mean to say that any magazine has published an article of *yours*!" was the unflattering outcome of June's excitement.

"Yes; and I've called you up here to read it to you—that is, if you care to listen," added Sarah shyly.

"Don't I, just?" said cordial June. "But wait a tiny minute";—and she ran out and hung over the banisters.

"Oh, Roy! Roy! Come up here! We're in Sarah's room."

Then she danced back into that sanctum.

"What do you mean by that?" demanded Sarah, with every sign of anger.

"I thought that it would be nice for us to hear it all together," replied the unmoved June, with all the innocence of a cherub.

Sarah bit her lip, and Roy lounged in, manifestly ill at ease in the unfamiliar apartment. He sat down in an obscure corner.

Then Sarah began to read, awkwardly at first, but soon losing herself in her own story, and rendering it with the thousand charms of a perfect understanding. It was a direct little tale, as sweet and as sad as a bit of music. But there was no bitterness in it, no unkindness, no complaining—just the strange, deep sadness of life, and of living. Not one of her listeners could stir till it was finished; then a sigh broke from all—a sigh of interest, of approval, of appreciative melancholy.

"You're a genius!" cried June, unstintingly.

"Oh, Sarah, you must read it again to me some time," begged Leila, hungrily.

Their honest praise was sweet to the young author, but she wanted to hear from another—from that silent, sprawling, graceful figure whose face was hidden in the shadow. June bent down and looked in it.

"Roy," she said, betraying him purposely, but in divine kindness—"Roy, you are crying!"

He started to his feet, perhaps to leave the room.

"Oh, Roy, if you are crying, you *must* love me a little, and I love you so much!" Sarah had done with concealment; she wrung her hands in piteous expectation.

At the sound of her voice, Roy turned in a flash, and hurried to her. He knelt beside her and put his curly head in her lap. Sarah's face had the look of an angel as she bent over him.

"Come out of this," commanded June, with decision; and taking Leila by the hand, she drew her quietly home.

The next day was marked by two charming episodes, and was a red-letter day in June's mental calendar. In the morning she slipped over to pay Grandma Bell a short visit. She had not neglected the old lady, running in at odd opportunities, with cheerful anecdotes and bright looks, until the lonely old soul waited for

her sunny visits as the treat of the day. Such a lonely old lady, living under the roof of her son and daughter as might a stranger who was unsought for and unwanted!

This day, when June was stealing up into the attic room, she came again face to face with Mr. Rouncewell, for the first time since their introductory encounter.

"Aha!" he began, gruffly cheerful. "You are the young lady with the weakness for pink, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir," said June, laughing, and thinking it no harm to encourage an ogre in his pleasant moments.

"I have caught sight of you several times lately, slipping past like a brownie. Where do you go? Upstairs to grandma's room?"

"Yes, sir. Do you call her grandma, too?" asked June.

"Ever since little Willie started it—my little chap! He's dead, you know—and happier; but we miss him—we always shall. Ah! well, well!—but what is the attraction up there? Old trunks, eh?"

"Partly."

"Um; I thought so. Old trunks full of old frippery, eh?"

"There is a faded little dress of *yours*, sir."

"Lord bless me! You don't say so!"

"Yes, sir; and one of your curls, soft and yellow; and a pair of your tiny slippers."

"Well, I never!"

"And she never takes them out or puts them in without kissing them."

"What an extraordinary idea!" fumed Mr. Rouncewell, but dropping his glance rather guiltily.

"And she often tells me of the time she used to teach you to walk, and of how she used to dream that as years went on the places would be changed, and she would lean on your arm instead."

He gave her a look, half distrustful, half anxious to hear some more, and his ruddy face took on a deeper hue.

"Would n't you like to hear her tell it herself?" asked June, pleadingly.

"Well—" was his doubtful rejoinder.

"She is very lonely," continued June, putting her hand fearlessly into his great paw.

"H'm!" he coughed, and it was a sign of tractableness.

"Come on," said June, with a joyous tug, and they ascended the stairs together, his ponderous step almost shaking the foundations.

"Why, John!" exclaimed the old lady, delightedly.

"Well, mother, I've come to see that wonderful party dress of mine, and the curl and the slippers, and all the rest of the treasures."

"Why, John!"

"Not all at once, you know; bit by bit. I can come up here every day for a time; make believe I am a little boy again."

"Why, John!"

It seemed to be all she could say, but she said it with every variety of expression. He patted her awkwardly upon the back.

"This forward young woman spoke as if she half fancied I neglected you," he said, looking at June in mock anger.

"I wholly fancied it," amended June, perfectly undaunted, dancing to the door. "You don't need me to-day, Grandma Bell; for I've heard it all before," she added, leaving Mr. Rouncewell quite ill at ease without her support.

"He's really a dear old thing," she told herself, as she found her way out of the house.

But the wonderful thing happened that night, and happened in her own back parlor. That very useful room was also the dining-room, and she was engaged in setting the tea-table by the flickering firelight. Leila was helping her, happy in being able to recognize the dishes by the feel of them, and taking great delight in accomplishing her task as well as when she had her sight.

"The sumptuous repast is now ready," June heralded. "Tea and bread in abundance, and butter that will have to be carefully eked out or it will not last till Saturday. And it must!" she concluded savagely, stooping down to carress the basking Misfit.

But Leila gave a sudden, terrified little scream, and dropped the saucer she was holding. She pressed her hands to her eyes.

"What's the matter?" cried June anxiously.

"June, I saw the firelight!"

"My darling—darling! Can you see again?" June exclaimed tremulously.

"No!" wailed Leila, taking away her hands and peering into the darkness. "But I did, June; indeed I did!"

"My poor little girl! it was, maybe, only your fancy. You can see queer flashes all the time, you know."

"I saw it! I saw it! But it is all gone again. Oh, June, to have it come back for a minute, and then to lose it!" and Leila sobbed.

Leaving the excited child bound by fearful promises to remain calm, June rushed to the oculist's house.

It was not long before she returned, alone but triumphant.

"There was no need for him to come, he said—not to-night, at any rate; that there was nothing to be done but to wait; that you are to be very, very careful; that it may be



"SARAH WAVED A MAGAZINE IN TRIUMPH."

"You are sure you saw?" June demanded.

"Sure! And—and—maybe it is fancy, but I think, now, that I saw you too. You were bending down."

June ran to her, and tied her eyes with a silk handkerchief.

"Don't you dare take that off," she commanded. "You will be putting your head in the grate trying to see again, and with some such bit of foolishness you will ruin everything."

VOL. XXIV.—50.

months before you can see again, but that you are a fortunate girl, for your sight will come back to you!"

To keep any sort of control over herself, June raced out into the garden, and hopped about excitedly in the faint moonlight. The glorious perfection of her lilies gave her a sudden resolution.

"Since our luck seems to be coming back to us," she said aloud, "I will make my final

attempt at acquiring a fortune. I will go to the city and try to sell those lilies — *to-morrow!*"

CHAPTER X.

A DISMAL FAILURE.

DEAR me! how easy it was for June to come to that resolution, and what difficult proportions it assumed when she proceeded to carry it out. In the first place, the lilies were very hard to coax into a presentable-looking bundle; lovely they were indeed — but too lovely, with stems a yard long, ending in magnificent clusters of waxy white blooms.

"I'll look like a Christmas-card!" wailed June, frightened at the showiness of them. It was very early in the morning, and she was all ready to take the first train to San Francisco. Her mother and sister hung about her to give her the comfort of their presence till the last minute.

"If your heart fails you, June," said Mrs. Miller, anxiously, "or if anybody is rude to you, come right home. We need the money, indeed; but no sum would pay for having your feelings insulted."

"Yes, 'm," moaned June, vaguely.

"Oh, I can smell 'em from here, and they're lovely!" cried Leila. "Do you know, I asked Roy to ask the price of them for me, and he told me that the florists were selling them at five dollars a dozen. Count them, June."

"Four dozen and a half," said that mournful young business woman.

"A little more than twenty-two dollars," said Mrs. Miller, thoughtfully.

"To buy them!" cried June, with tragic emphasis.

"Well, say you get only half of that — say you get twelve dollars."

"Or say I get frightened to death, and am brought home stiff!" was June's wild assumption. Then she grasped her formidable decorations, and wandered off to the train.

She was miserably conscious of being a conspicuous object, and she suffered tortures during her half-hour's journey. The intensely strong perfume sickened her, and the sheaf of blossoms distorted itself into the likeness of an

abominably grotesque umbrella which it was impossible to furl.

"If I ever get out of this alive, I'll never do it again!" she promised herself.

She wondered if everybody did not know her errand, and all its unpleasant details. She flushed at every gaze that fell to her share; and she got all that were going. The more she tried to reassure herself that she was doing a perfectly natural thing, the more flushed and more miserable she got. When she reached the city, she slunk past florist's after florist's, positively not daring to go in. Finally she pulled herself together, and administered a sound scolding where it would do most good.

"Look here, June Miller," she said severely, "if you are going to be an idiot, I will never talk to you again! This thing is n't pleasant, I know; but business is business, and if you want pay you have got to work: so into the next florist's you go — the next, mind that!"

She went. The man in charge was not enthusiastic. Yes; he bought flowers sometimes. Yes; the lilies were showy. Were they in demand? Well — only so-so.

"Do you think you would care to take these?" asked June, in conclusion.

"To buy them? Well, money is short now. No; I could n't really buy them. But I might find some use for them. If you like to leave them —"

"I don't like," said June, very sweetly; and she walked out.

Finding that trade had certain exhilarations of its own, she entered the next store quite cheerfully. Something had evidently gone wrong, for the proprietor was puffing around at a great rate.

"What's all this?" he howled, running unexpectedly into June as he turned a corner.

"Would you like to buy some flowers?" asked she, trying to keep her heart in its proper place.

"No, no, no!" he roared, backing away, as from a pestilence.

June shot out as quickly as she could. "Wow, wow, wow!" she mimicked for her own consolation when she was safely in the street. "What a terrible man!"

She met with every sort of experience except

success. As a rule, people were very kind to her; but as for purchasing her flowers—no, they would not. They grew as heavy as so much iron, too; but June persevered doggedly. At last she entered a little store into which a strangely sad-looking man preceded her. He went up to the wet and fragrant counter first, so June hung back until he should get through.

"And what flowers have you got to put on a little dead baby?" he asked, and his voice was rugged and grief-shaken.

The matter-of-fact florist expatiated on the beauty of several white flowers in his stock.

"Yis; she 's that pretty, you would n't think she could die. An' there 's not a flower for her. Think o' that!—faith, not one! I hoped some would be sent her—sure, I don't know from where, but she looks lonesome like. An' San Francisky 's such a place for flowers! Look at thim, now!"—and he pointed pathetically at the array of lilies in June's arms.

She smiled at him with eyes that brimmed with tears. His hopeless, grief-sodden voice had gone directly to her heart, and she saw the waxen little baby lying in her lonely bed, with "not a flower on her," as the father had said.



"'YES, FOR TEN CENTS,' JUNE SAID, BRAVELY."

"How many will tin cints buy?" demanded the man, showing the money.

"Ten cents?" queried the florist. "Why, nothing at all. These roses are two and three dollars a dozen, and lilies are more. Of course, I can let you have a few marguerites"—taking them up as he spoke.

"Thim daisies?" said the man, sorrowfully. "Oh, that won't do at all, at all. She 's the only child we iver had, and now that she is lying dead, an' at peace, an' with the angels, sure we wanted to put something rarer than sich things on her."

"Yes?" said the florist, yawning.

Then the hard-earned, despised ten-cent piece! It was pitiful. She went to him, and laid her pure flowers in his wondering grasp.

"For tin cints?" he asked, a gleam of hope in his weary eyes.

Then June had a divine inspiration. She could give him the flowers, and yet not lay him under a burden of gratitude. "Yes; for ten cents," she said bravely, holding out her hand for the money. He gave it to her, hesitating a trifle, as if he feared there was something wrong; but the steady light in her eyes reassured him. He held the flowers proudly to his bosom—they were his; he had bought them.

"Daisies, indeed! See that, now!" he exclaimed triumphantly. When he left the store, the florist turned a reproachful gaze upon June.

"What did you do that for?" he asked. "I would have given you ten dollars for those."

"That 's a comfort," said June, tremendously cheered. "I feel better than ever." She looked at the ten cents with positive adoration.

When she got home it was nightfall, and her family were anxiously expecting her. Roy and Sarah were there also, and June noticed that each seemed trying to make up to the other for years of neglect. It was quite a cheering sight, and June very much needed cheering. To add to her general depression, the first rain of the winter season began to fall, quietly but persistently, as if to emphasize the fact that autumn was dead and gone.

"Unless somebody gives me some bread and butter, right away or sooner, I 'll take a bite out of Misfit!" declared June, ferociously.

So Roy obligingly administered to her wants, while she recounted the history of the day.

"And I would n't spend that dime for a dollar," she ended, incoherently.

"Poor June!" said Leila commiseratingly.

"Poor June, indeed," agreed that personage, with a mouth full of bread and butter. "Because, if you come to think of it, all my work and perseverance have come to nothing. All my slips, all my seeds (no offense, Roy!), all

my hopes and all my fears (to borrow from Mr. Longfellow) — everything has ended in a perfect failure."

"That 's so," said Roy, with conviction. "But don't despair, June."

"You don't know me!" observed June, taking another mouthful. "Besides, I have a lovely motto from the Persian."

"Let 's hear it," suggested Sarah.

"You're going to: 'Success lies, not in never falling, but in rising every time you fall.' What do you think of it?"

"You don't despair, do you?" asked her mother, whose arm was around Leila's waist.

"Not while the bread and butter lasts. But, all the same, I wish I had n't failed."

Roy laughed, and ran his hand affectionately through Sarah's hair. It never entered June's head to see in that loving little action one result of her "failure." Nor did she dream of congratulating herself because the fretfulness had disappeared from Sarah's pretty face — Sarah, who was humbly hoping that there was a great work for her in the world, after all. Nor did her thoughts reach out to the big Rouncewell house, where a dear old lady was feeling herself rich in the recovered wealth of her son's love.

That is the odd thing about our failures: they sometimes do such an immense deal of good, although we may not know it.

THE END.

A FIGHT.

BY SYDNEY DAYRE.

I SAW a fight the other day—

Who do you think were in it?

That saucy rogue, Jack Frost; but he

Was not the one to win it.

He took a grip and held so tight

On everything about him,

That everybody said 't would take

A tussle fierce to rout him.

But then she came, the lovely Spring,

With smile so sweet and merry

That soon the stubborn, icy imp

Became discouraged—very.

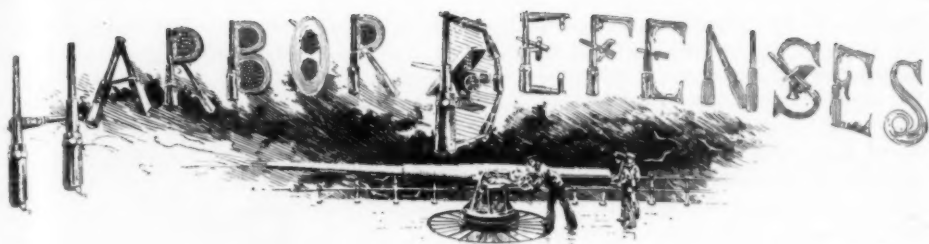
She smiled again. In fright and fear,

Confusion and commotion,

He fled—to take a summering

Beside the Arctic Ocean.

HARBOR DEFENSES

The title 'HARBOR DEFENSES' is rendered in large, stylized, three-dimensional block letters. The letters are integrated with a detailed illustration of a harbor scene. Behind the letters, there are silhouettes of ships and structures. In the foreground, below the letters, there are figures of people and what appears to be a small boat or platform on the water.

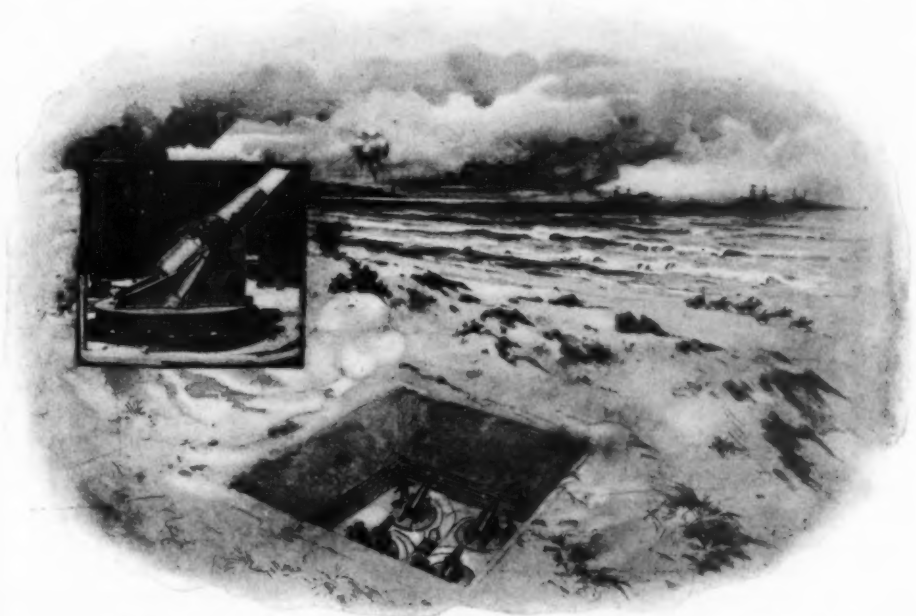
THE United States government is at present devoting special attention to the fortification and defense of the harbors along the Atlantic coast, many of which are so situated that a hostile fleet might too easily enter them. The government officials are busy, therefore, in devising plans and gradually carrying them into execution, for the protection of these cities or important commercial points along the coast.

Of these harbor-defenses there are four distinct kinds. They are torpedo mines, mortar-batteries, batteries of rapid-fire guns, and disappearing guns.

The torpedo mines are operated from mining

casemates located at the entrances of harbors or bays, the exact situation and their interior arrangement being a department secret. Some mines are spherical in shape, about three feet in diameter, and constructed of steel. These, when in service, are expected to hold a hundred pounds of high explosives, and to float near the surface. But they must be concealed as well as buoyant, and so to each is attached by a cable a mushroom-anchor to keep the torpedo just below the surface, out of sight and beyond the reach of the fire of machine-guns.

These mines are intended for use in the channels that hostile ships would have to sail



A MORTAR-BATTERY IN POSITION. ONE OF THE RIFLED MORTARS IS SHOWN ABOVE ON A LARGER SCALE.

through, and are arranged in threes and set closely in the channel according to plans previously arranged. If necessary, the sea off the entrance to a harbor or bay could be well filled with them. These mines may be exploded or may be perfectly harmless according to the will of the occupant of the mining case-mate, who, with his important apparatus, is out of reach of shot and shell, there being tons of earth between him and the upper air.

Out from this chamber through a tunnel below low-water mark, and hence safe from discovery by the enemy or shot from them, run numerous cables to the mines planted in the channel or in the sea. Within the chamber the operator has an elaborate chart with the location of every torpedo or mine upon it. By telegraph or other signals from observation



A SELF-MOVING TORPEDO ON ITS WAY TO ATTACK A MAN-OF-WAR.

stations near by, he is kept informed of the approach of vessels, and acts as he thinks best under the circumstances. He may receive word from his stations to such effect that with his chart he knows a vessel is directly within a cluster of the sunken mines. Then he can touch a key, and a mine will instantly explode beneath or near the vessel.

If the vessel is a friendly one, however, the operator can disconnect his batteries, and the ship will sail in perfect safety over the tons of explosive beneath. If the weather be foggy, or if some other condition unfavorable for locating a vessel prevails, and enemies are known to be near, the pressing of many buttons will make every one of these mines a deadly force, and any ship that ventures in will strike a torpedo, roll it over, and automatically



A HOSTILE WARSHIP BLOWN UP BY AN ANCHORED TORPEDO.

close an electric circuit, which will explode the mine; and the ship will be sunk, or badly shattered. There are various devices for ascertaining that the hidden mines and connections are in good working order.

The mortar-batteries usually mount sixteen guns, and are so arranged that the exploding of a mortar, or perhaps a shell from the enemy, can affect but four pieces, if as many as that. The batteries are made up of rifled mortars. The placing of these batteries is an extensive

used, as it probably would be, only an indistinguishable vapor would rise from the pits to betray the location of the battery. The enemy would hear a report, and, from he knew not where, the shells would rain down and pierce the decks. If but three or four guns were fired there might be some hope of escaping injury, but with sixteen pieces carefully trained the chances of instant destruction of the ship are greatly increased.

But this is too close range to begin the fight-



ON BOARD A BATTLESHIP GOING INTO ACTION AGAINST A FORTIFIED HARBOR.

and expensive undertaking. The batteries, when completed, are capable of dropping upon a vessel some five or six miles away a shower of several hundred pounds of iron or steel and explosives.

The layout of a battery is such that all sixteen mortars being trained alike and primed, the pressing of one button will cause them all to fire at the same instant. They are planted some twenty feet below the surface in pits, and are consequently quite concealed from the enemy. If smokeless powder should be

ing, as the enemy's guns could long before have swept all within sight alongshore and done great damage to shipping that had sought protection in the bay or harbor; and so coast-defense guns are located about the entrances to harbors and bays. These, too, are so arranged as to be hidden from the enemy, as it is no longer sufficient to build great granite walls, pierced by port-holes and bristling with cannon. These offer too good a target to the enemy, and only a short period of fire against them with modern guns would completely demolish them.

Various plans have been devised for the building of coast defenses of this kind. Even fighting turrets, like those on monitors, have been suggested and built. Some of them rise into sight only preparatory to the firing of the guns which they contain. Others are somewhat raised above the surface, and the guns disappear for loading. In either case, though, very ponderous and expensive machinery is required for them.

A disappearing gun set up in a pit similar to the mortar-pit is more in favor. There are several styles of these with various powers to elevate them, but all are lowered by the recoil of discharge. The Gordon counterpoise carriage is perhaps the most novel. It is fitted for a ten-inch breech-loading rifle, the weight of which is about 67,200 pounds. It has an advantage over other patterns in that while being loaded it affords greater protection to itself and to the gunners than the other styles; and this is an important feature. It is operated by either hand-power or electricity. With the former it has fired thirty-two shots in an hour; which is considered remarkably rapid firing.

But this is not all that is needed to make a bay or harbor defensible. These large guns would not be very dangerous to an enemy's fleet of torpedo boats. These move and turn very quickly, and, once past the great guns, the



A TEN-INCH RIFLED GUN ON A GORDON DISAPPEARING CARRIAGE.

torpedo mines might be disposed of without much difficulty. To prevent such action by the enemy, batteries mounting rapid-fire guns are employed. The torpedo-boats can change their course with such rapidity that big guns cannot be trained on them quickly enough to be effective, and alongshore — opposite portions of the channel where torpedo mines are planted — are needed batteries of these small spitfires.

With such a quadruple defense as torpedo mines, mortar-batteries, disappearing guns of long range, and batteries of rapid-fire guns, a fleet of hostile ships would find it a very difficult task to enter any bay or harbor along the coast.

Charles Rawson Thurston.

MISS NINA BARROW.

BY FRANCES COURTENAY BAYLOR.

[This story was begun in the February number.]

CHAPTER III.

MARIAN MAKES A BEGINNING.

"You see I am getting old, my dear Marian," said Mrs. Andrews. "I have not been myself since that attack last winter, and I have sent for you to hold up my hands as the prophet's friends did, to be a stay and prop to me, and to take charge of Nina. I am no longer equal to the task. You will find her somewhat self-willed and obstinate. You will have to be very firm with her, or she will get her own way. I give you full authority. I know how you have been reared, and how well you are fitted for your position. And, really, my head begins to swim now when I have to carry a point with Nina, careful as I am about making them, she gets so excited under opposition. She does n't know yet that we are going to England on the 20th. I have n't been able to make up my mind to tell her, for there will be a scene. She has always said that I never should go abroad. But Dr. Lyon thinks that I ought to try Vichy, and while I would never go for that alone, there is another important reason for doing so."

"Your health is quite reason enough, Cousin Elizabeth, and you are the best judge of such questions. Nina is but a child," said Marian.

"Yes, of course; but she is so decided. And don't you think her very clever? She amazes me often. She knows where all the shops are, and how to shop, and what cars to take, and really she is often right. Only I must be firm about this. You see, Marian, I have been thinking that I might die—I have thought a great deal about that, and everything, lately; and the child would be left so unprotected. There is her trustee, to be sure, and guardian; but really we rarely see him, and hear from him only when he makes his statements. She

will have a large fortune, you know,—a very large fortune, admirably invested by Mr. Foster. And her only very near relatives are in England—her cousins, the children of her father's half-sister, you know."

"The Aubreys," said Marian. "I know of the relationship. Have they ever met?"

"No; that is just it. I am anxious that they should. I wish to make friends of them—true friends for my poor child. My friends nearly all are dead, or scattered to the ends of the earth, and her father's friends and her mother's seem so absorbed in their own interests and families; and her own count for nothing when it comes to protection, and all that. I have long seen it; I have three times written that I would come, but Nina never would hear of it, and I thought she would get over the feeling if I waited. But I can't wait any longer, my dear Marian. I fear I have done wrong in waiting so long. Her aunt (Anna Barrow that was) is dead, and Mr. Aubrey has married again; but they write very kindly, and seem interested in and for her. And there are the children. So now, to keep myself up to the mark, I have taken our passage for the 20th, and the Aubreys have asked us to go first to them for a visit, and after that we will see. Claudine goes with us. But mind, Nina is to know nothing until the time comes when she must be told."

"Your wishes, Cousin Elizabeth, I shall always respect," said Marian; "but I think it would be best to tell Nina frankly your plan and your reason for making it."

"Not for the world! Not now!" cried out the old lady. "I am not equal to it. I'm all shaking with nervousness at the thought. I should not get to sleep all night. I am used to managing Nina. Not a word, Marian! In your department you shall be all-powerful; but no one can manage Nina in such matters except myself. She has been going to a first-

class school, and has nice little friends there, and is improving every day; but when I decided to take her to Europe, I felt the need of a staff, and I thank you for consenting to take the position."

"I was glad to take it, cousin, and you were very good to offer so liberal a salary," said Marian. "It enables me to put the two younger boys at the Technical and Industrial School, and I am most grateful to you for helping me to help them. You may be sure that I shall do all that I can to justify your confidence and repay your generosity. I have some plans of my own as to the best way of doing this; and I am sure that you will not regret taking Nina abroad. This is not a good place for a child, cousin. The simplest, humblest home is greatly to be preferred to it. And, as you say, it is important that she should meet her relatives. New associations, different surroundings—" Marian colored and stopped. She did not like to say what she thought,—of how Nina was absorbing a thousand harmful influences and ideas, in the tittle-tattle, the vulgarities, the coarseness, the gossip about her. "Cousin Elizabeth," said Marian, "now that our talk is over, I think of going for a walk. Would you like Nina to go with me? Where is she?"

"Oh, I've no objection if you can get her to go. She is around somewhere with Claudine, I guess," Mrs. Andrews remarked placidly. "I don't know where, but she's all right; she can take care of herself. Oh, here she is!"

Nina had burst into the room while she was speaking, in a high state of excitement.

"Oh, Grandy, what do you think? The Fitz-Patricks in 89 have gone away, and all their baggage is kept 'cause they have n't paid their bill. And there's three carriage-loads of people just come! I saw them from the parlor window, and counted the parcels—twenty-three and a bird-cage. I've had a splendid time this afternoon. It has n't been dull a bit. Where are you going, Cousin Marian? Can't I come, too?"

"Ask your grandmother," said Marian.

"Grandy? What for? Of course I'll come," said Nina.

"I shall not take you unless you do," said

Marian. "I thought of going to hear the Hungarian band play for an hour."

"Oh! I like music better than anything. Do take me too," said Nina.

"Ask your grandmother," repeated Marian, quietly. "It is only right, and you should never go anywhere without doing so. I shall go and dress, and shall join you in the parlor, if she gives you permission."

"Permission!" quoted Nina, who was in the habit of telling her grandmother when she had better take a drive or pay a visit. "Grandy," said she, "I'm going out with Cousin Marian."

Marian overheard this, and could but smile at Nina's idea of respectful submission to authority.

Marian was a sensible woman, and saw that she must win Nina's affection and confidence before she could alter anything—in other words, get a fulcrum before she could use a lever. The afternoon passed swiftly and agreeably for Nina, who found her cousin a very different sort of companion from any she had ever had. Marian talked to her as she would have done to any one else; she treated her with scrupulous, grave politeness; begged her pardon when she chanced to jostle against her in the street; asked whether she would prefer to go down town by the "elevated" or the horse-cars; offered her the shelter of her umbrella when it began to rain; said, "Excuse me, dear; but you are losing your pretty pin," and replaced it; asked if she were tired when they stopped in a shop, got her a seat, and behaved toward her exactly as to another lady. Nina was not used to such consideration and respect—did not know that it was Marian's way of teaching her to respect herself and others. Marian made a few purchases, and then, calling Nina, said: "Can you crochet? I am very fond of it, and know a great many pretty stitches."

"I can do it a little," replied Nina.

"How would you like to make a little scarf for your grandmother to throw over her head? She would be so delighted. She has so much neuralgia," said Marian.

"Oh, I could n't. I'd never get it done," said Nina.

"Oh, yes, you would. I'll help you, and you'll see; and she will be so pleased. Your

dear grandmother, who loves you so dearly! It will please her so much!" urged Marian, brightly.

"All right; I will, then," agreed Nina.

"What colors?" asked the shopman.

This question was decided by choosing lilac and white.

"Useful occupation, and something done for others," thought Marian, who had been tempted to get Nina a little present, and then had told herself firmly that what Nina needed was not getting, but giving, and giving of that which should cost her something in time, trouble, or money, or in all three; not so much as one more whim, caprice, or fancy should be gratified, but she should learn to please and gratify others.

As they were entering the hotel, Marian said: "Run away upstairs now, and let your Grandy know that you have returned, and I will join you in a moment."

But as Marian went on to the desk to get her key, Nina pranced into the parlor, perched on the music-stool, shook her hair over her shoulders, and banged on the piano in atrocious fashion until she was tired of doing so, which, fortunately for the comfort of some ladies seated there, was very soon. One of them asked her to play softly, as her head ached; and Nina, for an answer, settled herself afresh, with a wriggling movement of the body and a toss of the head expressive of utter defiance of the world in general, struck a few more clashing chords, and then suddenly abandoned the field, whisking out of the room pertly, with her usual absurd air of importance.

Left alone, the ladies rejoiced that they were rid of Nina — but prematurely, for presently the stout lady became aware of a curious feeling about her back. She was interested in the morning paper, and did not immediately investigate the sensation; but presently turned and found that a steady stream of water was being directed toward her from the direction of the door. Nina was on the other side of it, had got the range adroitly, and with a long pipe was, through the keyhole, blowing water upon her ample person with wicked delight and the most dire effect upon a new dress. The stout lady rushed across the room, pulled open the door,

and made an effort to seize Nina. But that young person was too quick for her. She ran down the hall, turned a corner, ran on farther, darted up a long flight of stairs used by the servants, and presently was safe in Marian's room, laughingly relating what had happened, while the stout lady stormed about on the first floor, uttering threats so violent that her just vexation was made to seem ridiculous.

"There 'll be a horrid row," said Nina. "She 'll go to Grandy and make a great fuss. But it was n't anything, Cousin Marian. I just wanted to have some fun, that was all; and you ought to have seen her feeling around with her hand to find out what it was at first. I nearly died laughing. She 's horrid, anyway,—the spitefullest person you ever saw; and my! but she bounced when she did find out! I wonder if she has gone to Grandy yet"—peeping out of the door down the corridor. "No, not yet. Yes! there she is! She sha'n't come in here!" —shutting the door quickly and locking it, and then embracing Marian.

"It was just all fun, I tell you; now don't you be horrid, and scold too. You might stand up for me when I've told you it was just for fun, not spite at all, I declare, this time. But Grandy 'll be furious with me. Why don't you do something? I thought you were different from the others, and would understand."

"So I do, Nina. I will see what can be done," said Marian. And then she showed that she did know the difference between the faults and the sins of a child by first telling Nina that it was not as if she had been guilty of wilful deceit or untruth, convincing her that she had been exceedingly rude, and absolutely persuading her to ask forgiveness. Nina did this when they went down to dinner; and that she should do it at all amazed her old enemy, who had really suffered many annoyances at her hands, and who was anything but gracious in accepting her apology.

"You are the sensiblest person I've ever seen, Cousin Marian; and I just love you," said Nina, that evening, when they were talking over the apology.

"Two wrongs do not make a right. You made her angry, remember; and if she is vin-

dictive, or seems so for the moment, it is because this is not your first offense against her. If you had always been polite and courteous —"

"She's nothing but a companion, anyway," said Nina scornfully.

"All the more reason for your being polite to her. And perhaps she can't afford to have even an old dress spoiled, much less a new one."

"Oh, pshaw! I'll give her another," exclaimed Nina, impatiently.

"You can't patch every hole with greenbacks, as you seem to think you can, Nina. If you hurt people's feelings, wound their proper pride, treat them with disrespect or unkindness, all the money in the world won't mend matters, dear. If I were to call you a fool and a scarecrow, and then give you a twenty-dollar gold piece, would you not want to throw it at my head? I am sure you would. Do you love me, Nina? I am so glad, and I believe you. But you know you have n't quite proved it yet. Oh, no. It is easy to say so, but there are better ways of showing that you do love me. We shall see."

CHAPTER IV.

NINA'S LESSONS.

WITH all her own thoroughness and conscientiousness, Marian went to work carefully to map out and arrange Nina's life on a new basis.

The first requisite for that young lady's education was quite evidently lacking, Marian saw, when she came in switching her skirts about more aggressively than usual, and shrugging her shoulders. She took a chair and pouted openly, thrusting out her lower lip and looking defiant and disagreeable.

"I want to have some idea where we stand, Nina," said Marian, oblivious apparently of these demonstrations.

"I'm not going to study. It's too awful hot and stuffy in here. I don't know as I'm going to have you for my governess at all; and to-day I'm going to the Chamber of Horrors with the Tompkins family. They've got seven rooms and a private parlor, and are ordering Jobson around like anything; and they have n't

seen a thing in New York, and I told them I'd take them to see the Chamber of Horrors—"

"Have you promised?" asked Marian, interrupting her.

"Yes; and there's nine of them,—I'll be ten,—and they are full of it. I guess it will make them all creep; and Janie,—she's the third,—I'm going to jump out at her and grab her when I get her down there. It'll be such fun!" said Nina, having by this time talked herself into a state of good-humor and cheerfulness.

"Your Grandy thought you ought to begin lessons to-day, Nina," Marian now managed to say; "but if you have promised, you must keep your word, of course, and we will have only one lesson, and see where we stand, as I said. Here, take this book and read a little in French for me. How many holidays have you had lately?"

"Well, it's been pretty much all holidays, Cousin Marian, and that's a fact. One week it rained, and one week I had the toothache some, and one week my new dresses had n't come home, and the girls had seen all the old ones so often, I just would n't go a single step; and then the Tompkinses came, and I did n't want to go; but that did n't matter. Don't you bother."

"Stay," said Marian; "here's Claudine; let me hear you speak French first."

"Repeat your 'La Marseillaise,' mademoiselle," suggested Claudine.

Nothing loath, Nina struck an attitude and burst forth into the broadest Alsatian peasant Germanic-French, striking her breast and rolling her eyes as she made her stirring appeals to the "*enfants de la patrie*," her denunciations of the "*gohortes étrangères*," and her threats of "*vers des longtemps brébarés*."

It was so comical to see and hear her that Marian, although she tried hard to prevent herself from doing so, could not help laughing until the tears came. Even when she had recovered herself a little, and begged Nina's pardon in answer to an imperious "What's the matter with you, anyway?" the remembrance overcame her again once or twice.

She then cross-questioned Claudine, and found that she was from a little village that had made

the narrowest possible escape from being a German one always; that she had a fiery little French heart, if not tongue; that she had come to this country as assistant to a baker, and had then, to her surprise, been promoted to the rank of maid and nurse in a "famille distinguée, les Hoskins, Avenue Madisone," from which place she had been "secured" by Mrs. Andrews.

Having dismissed Claudine, Marian said: "You recited with expression, Nina; but Claudine's French is anything but Parisian. She would say 'Barisien.' She has n't a 'p' in her alphabet. I will show you the difference; and when you have unlearned a little we will soon remedy that. You would not take lessons in English from Bridget, would you? Well, Claudine's French is first cousin to Bridget's English, and both are as bad as they can be. As your teacher, I must see that you are properly taught whatever you are to learn. And as your cousin, I wish to see you grow up an accomplished, lovely girl. Now the lesson is going to be this: you shall copy on this bit of paper every fault of speech, English and French, that you have made since you came in. And then—I wonder whether you like pictures?" said Marian.

"Yes, I do. I think they are just too splendid for anything," said Nina.

For a few moments after Nina's reply Marian was silent. She was thinking; and her thoughts ran much as follows:

"Cousin Elizabeth was right about Nina's picking up an education. It is easy to do that in any large city. But what an education! What shall I say? Oh, dear! what have I undertaken? This child would almost have to be born again to become what I should like to see her. How thankful I am to think of our dear children at home in our quiet, old-fashioned country home in Maryland,—simple, healthy, happy, leading a natural, wholesome life, with their pony and chickens and ducks and turkeys and pigeons and other pets; up at sunrise, in bed at sundown; reading, studying, playing, growing, working, knowing every bird's nest for miles around, every tree, every animal; rejoicing, like the sun, to run their daily course; rosy, merry, eager, innocently naughty often, wading in Sims's

brook, fishing, blackberrying; plainly dressed, hungry as little wolves; but children through and through. I long to be back with them again! But I must, for their sakes, stay here. And I must do what I can for Nina. But what to do? To scold her would be folly. She would not understand me if I were to tell her that she shocks, disgusts, pains me every time she opens her lips. She would think me 'old-fashioned,' 'cross,' 'countrified,' 'absurd,' 'stiff,' everything except in the right. I am so glad that my brothers are poor and will have to earn every cent that they will ever spend, and make their own way, and a way for others dependent on them."

Marian's lips were compressed, her brows contracted, as she bent her eyes upon her work and these thoughts passed through her mind. Presently she felt Nina's arms about her neck. "What are you so quiet for, and why did you want to know if I liked pictures?" she asked.

"I was thinking of a great many things, Nina," she replied. "And as to the pictures, I was thinking of the great loan collection which is on exhibition here now. I have had a number of tickets sent me, and there are some very rare and beautiful pictures in the collection. Suppose we take the Tompkinses there to-day, instead of to the wax-works? This is the last day, indeed, and you will see the original of this little picture of mine of the Arabian chief that you like so much, and many others that will please you. I would n't miss them for a great deal, and meant to have spoken to you yesterday about going. Can you draw or paint at all, Nina?"

"No, I can't. Can you?"

"It is the thing that I am thought to do best," said Marian; "but my best is not very good when compared with such pictures as we are going to see. Still I am very fond of drawing in charcoal and pastels, and I think I can teach you how to paint flowers prettily in water-colors."

"Oh, would you—can you really? I should like that best of all. I do love flowers. They are just too sweet for anything," said Nina.

"So they are, dear. You should see our long avenue of white lilacs at home in full bloom on a spring morning, and you would say so. That reminds me. We must stop while we are out,

and buy a few roses for the sick girl in the next room, must n't we?"

"All right. I'll get her a big bunch of 'American beauties,'" agreed Nina.

"And how would you like to paint her one, for your first lesson? That would n't fade ever, and I know she would be delighted. Is n't she a sweet, gentle creature? and so long ill—seven years—poor child!"

"Well, I will," said Nina, who could not resist such an appeal. "Jobson says her mother neglects her awful. Jobson's mother was the best mother that ever was in England. She was a professed cook. But his father was a failure. Jobson—"

"Sh! Nina, no gossip; that 's one of the 'remembers,' you know," said Marian. "You should say, 'neglects her shamefully,' if you say it at all; and you 'd better not, for I dare say there is no truth in it whatever. Come, now for your list, and then I'll go and arrange matters with Mrs. Tompkins, and we shall have a delightful afternoon—my word for it!"

Thus beguiled, Nina was soon at work writing "unless" for "less," "because" for "cause," "almost" for "most," and straightening out her verbs and adverbs; and that done, Marian took down Hawthorne from the shelf, and read her the "Three Gray Sisters," with which Nina was delighted.

"There is a good deal that I want to get out of that child's head, and the best way to do it is to fill it, and drown them out with quite other things. I foresee, though, that before we go much further there will be a struggle for supremacy between us. So far it has all been plain sailing, but nevertheless the storm is coming. There has been nothing to arouse her temper or thwart her plans; no opposition encountered. I wonder how it will come, and what will be the result!" mused Marian, as she sat by Nina and watched her pencil travel slowly over the paper.

She found it easy to arrange matters with the Tompkins family, and after luncheon they all went off together to see the loan collection—chiefly modern pictures, some of them really fine, and nearly all very interesting. Marian kept Nina with her, and carefully explained and commented upon the various examples of

French, Spanish, German, and English art before them; she talked so pleasantly of paintings and painters, indeed, that Nina, whose attention could rarely be fixed long upon anything, listened to every word, asked a great many questions, made some highly characteristic remarks of her own that amused Marian very much, and was for "coming again another day," forgetting that this was the last opportunity of seeing those pictures.

On their way home, Marian stopped at an optician's to get a little pocket microscope, which she meant to give Nina, and said to her frankly: "I am going to make a purchase that I do not wish you to see, Nina; so I shall ask you to go to the back of the shop and wait there a few minutes for me."

She was absorbed in making a choice of a microscope within her means, yet powerful enough for ordinary purposes, when Nina rushed up to her and threw herself into her arms, sobbing, and so terrified that she could barely gasp out: "Oh, Cousin Marian! I am dying! I am dying!"

Amazed and alarmed, Marian embraced, soothed, comforted her, and gradually learned from one of the clerks what it meant, and what had happened. Nina, it seemed, had with her usual enterprise and boldness gone into a small room quite at the rear. There was an electric battery there, and a gentleman who came every day to take a shock,—no, not a gentleman, for he had done a most ungentlemanly thing in allowing Nina to just "catch hold for a moment." She, all unsuspecting, had received a severe shock, physical and mental. She trembled, wept, and was completely upset.

Marian was all kindness and gentleness, and gradually managed to quiet Nina and to take her home; and Nina clung to her like a limpet all that evening, and would not leave her. When they were about to part for the night, Marian said to her:

"You see now, dear Nina, what a cruel and often really wicked thing it is to frighten any one, don't you? See how ill and unhappy you have been made all this afternoon by a stupid trick. Let it teach you one thing: never to give pain or fright to any one while you live. I meant to speak to you about it when you were talking to-day of jumping out at that

delicate little Janie Tompkins at the wax-works. Don't take her there at all, dear, but invite her to some pleasant place which will leave only happy impressions."

"I will. And I never, never, never will scare anybody again while I am in this world!" protested Nina with great warmth and perfect sincerity.

When it came to having lessons next day, Marian discovered how utterly undisciplined Nina's mind was. To apply herself seriously to anything seemed impossible. After three minutes' study she would break off to quote some speech of Jobson's mother, in whom she had the liveliest interest; to gossip about this or that person; to run into her Grandy's room or her own for something, nothing, anything; to stare out of the window, or at Marian sewing quietly beside her. So Marian gave her a few lessons only, and short ones; she read her one of Macaulay's "Lays," which made her eyes sparkle, and a chapter from Dickens's "Child's History of England." She set up her crochet and patiently showed her how to do two rows, and was pleased to see that she drew the outline of a rose astonishingly well, from nature, with very little assistance.

"You have a correct eye and sense of form. This is really very good, Nina," she said. "Your touch is free. I shall not be surprised if you excel in time in water-color sketches. Would you like now to run out for a brisk turn with Claudine, and buy the roses you intended to get for your neighbor yesterday?"

Nina was no longer in a benevolent mood, and, always capricious with the wayward moods and fancies of an over-indulged child, now said that she did not mean to get any flowers at all. "I can't help it if she is sick. I want my money for myself; I'm going to send Claudine right out to get me a box of chocolate creams."

She ran off to her room, found Claudine there suffering from a face-ache and an ulcerated tooth, and told her what she wished her to do.

"But, mademoiselle, I am all of a berspiration. I go to catch the gold and suffer so as never was," urged the unfortunate Claudine. "Really, I cannot — not for my life was I go."

"But you *must*!" Nina insisted.

Go she did, and returned with the box speedily. Nina sat down and devoured half of its contents, without offering so much as a morsel to her grandmother or Marian, and was locking up the remainder when she caught Marian's eye.

"Do you want some? You can have it if you do. I've had all I want," she said, holding out the box.

"I appreciate your generosity. No, thank you," said Marian, coldly.

Up rose Marian indignant, yet feeling that she ought to be silent, and left the room.

Nina followed Marian, and going up to her, would have kissed her on the cheek. Marian did not look at her, and by slightly turning her head avoided the kiss.

Mrs. Andrews had retired for the night, and had ordered Nina to go to bed also.

Marian collected her sewing-materials and went to her own room, passing Nina by as if she had been a piece of furniture.

The child saw that Marian was deeply displeased, and already cared enough for her to be troubled by it.

Half an hour later there was a tap at Marian's door. It was Claudine, who demanded of mademoiselle the kind loan of an umbrella. It was raining, but "Mees Nina she would 'ave the ice-cream"; and, indeed, Nina had been in and waked her grandmother, and by crying had induced Claudine to go out at that hour, and in the rain, seven squares off for that favorite dainty.

Marian was aghast. At any other hour she would have gone instead gladly, rather than let the good-natured Alsatienne run such a risk again.

"It is midnight, and I am a stranger in the city. It would not do. To remonstrate with Cousin Elizabeth or Nina would be worse than useless. Oh! The utter thoughtlessness, the wretched selfishness, of the child! If she could be in Claudine's shoes for a year or two! Well, she is but a child, and there are life and fate; but they are stern teachers, both, for spoiled *darlings*, that is certain," mused Marian, when left to herself again.

(To be continued.)



AT THE OPERA.—"EARS DOWN IN FRONT, PLEASE!"

THE LITTLE SHADOW FOLK.

BY CLINTON SCOLLARD.

WHAT time the round moon kindles on windy wintry eves,
And murmurs stir those gossips, the sere old oaken leaves,
A troop of kin from Nowhere go faring to and fro —
The nimble little shadow folk that dance upon the snow.

They race across the valley, they fleet along the hill,
And yet we hear no laughter, their frolic is so still;
And what their jolly games are, alas! we may not know —
The merry little shadow folk that dance upon the snow.

They glide, they leap, they waver,—they twist, they intertwine;
They break in tortuous turnings, they join in freakish line;
Their arms with knots are gnarly, their legs are all a-bow —
The elfish little shadow folk that dance upon the snow.

Their daytime is our night-time, their night-time is our day,
And they are sound in slumber when we are out at play;
For when the dawn looks ruddy, swift off to bed they go —
The sleepy little shadow folk that dance upon the snow.

A BOY I KNEW.

BY LAURENCE HUTTON.

[This series was begun in the December number.]

IV.



WHEN The Boy got as far as a room of his own, papered with scenes from circus-posters, and peopled by tin soldiers, he used to play that his bed was the barge "Mayflower," running from Barrytown to the foot of Jay Street, North River, and that he was her captain and crew. She made nightly trips between the two ports; and by day, when she was not tied up to the door-knob—which was Barrytown—she was moored to the handle of the washstand drawer—which was the dock at New York. She never was wrecked, and she never ran aground; but great was the excitement of The Boy when, as not infrequently was the case, on occasions of sweeping, Hannah, the upstairs girl, set her adrift.

The Mayflower was seriously damaged by fire once, owing to the careless use, by a deck-hand, of a piece of punk on the night before the Fourth of July; this same deck-hand being nearly blown up early the very next morning by a bunch of firecrackers which went off—by themselves—in his lap. He did not know, for a second or two, whether the barge had burst her boiler or had been struck by lightning!

Barrytown is the river port of Red Hook—a charming Dutchess County hamlet in which The Boy spent the first summer of his life, and in which he spent the better part of every succeeding summer for a quarter of a century; and he sometimes goes there yet, although many of the names he knows were carved, in the long-ago, on the tomb. He always went up and down, in those days, on the Mayflower, the real boat of that name, which was hardly more real

to him than was the trundle-bed of his vivid, nightly imagination. They sailed from New York at five o'clock, P. M., an hour looked for, and longed for, by The Boy, as the very beginning of summer, with all its delightful young charms; and they arrived at their destination about five of the clock the next morning, by which time The Boy was wide awake, and on the lookout for Lasher's Stage, in which he was to travel the intervening three miles. And eagerly he recognized, and loved, every landmark on the road. Barringer's Corner, the half-way tree; the road to the creek and to Madame Knox's; and, at last, the village itself, and the tavern, and the tobacco-factory, and Massoneau's store, over the way; and then, when Jane Purdy had shown him the new kittens and the little chickens, and he had talked to "Fido" and "Fanny," or to Fido alone after Fanny was stolen by gypsies, he rushed off to see Bob Hendricks, who was just his own age, barring a week, and who has been his life-long friend for fifty-three years and nearly six months; and then what good times The Boy had!

Bob was possessed of a grandfather who could make kites, and swings, and parallel-bars, and things which The Boy liked; and Bob had a mother—and he has her yet, happy Bob!—who made the most wonderful of cookies, perfectly round, with sparkling globules of sugar on them, and little round holes in the middle; and Bob and The Boy for days, and weeks, and months together hen's-egged, and rode in the hay-carts, and went for the mail every noon, and boosted each other up into the best pound-sweet tree in the neighborhood; and pelted each other with little green apples, which weighed about a pound to the peck; and gathered currants in season; and with long straws sucked new cider out of bung-holes; and learned to swim; and caught their first fish; and did all the pleasant things that all boys do.

At Red Hook they smoked their first cigar,—and wished they had n't! At Red Hook they disobeyed their mothers once, and were found out. They were told not to go wading in the creek upon pain of not going to the creek at



BOB HENDRICKS.

all; and for weeks they were deprived of the delights of the society of the Faure boys, through whose domain the creek ran, because, when they went to bed on that disastrous night, it was discovered that Bob had on The Boy's stockings, and that

The Boy was wearing Bob's socks; a piece of circumstantial evidence which convicted them both. When the embargo was raised and they next went to the creek, it is remembered that Bob tore his trousers in climbing over a log, and that The Boy fell in altogether.

The Boy usually kept his promises, however, and he was known even to keep a candy-cane—twenty-eight inches long, red and white striped like a barber's pole—for a fortnight, because his mother limited him to the consumption of two inches a day. But he could not keep any knees to his trousers; and when The Boy's mother threatened to sew buttons—brass buttons, with sharp eyes—on to that particular portion of the garment in question, he wanted to know, in all innocence, how they expected him to say his prayers!

One of Bob's earliest recollections of The Boy is connected with a toy express-wagon on four wheels, which could almost turn around on its own axis. The Boy imported this vehicle into Red Hook one summer, and they used it for the transportation of their chestnuts and their apples, green and ripe, and the mail, and most of the dust of the road; and Bob thinks, to this day, that nothing in all these after years has given him so much profound satisfaction and enjoyment as did that little cart.

Bob remembers, too,—what The Boy tries to forget,—The Boy's daily practice of half an hour on the piano borrowed by The Boy's mother from Mrs. Bates for that dire purpose. Mrs. Bates's piano is almost the only unpleasant thing associated with Red Hook in all The Boy's experience of that happy village. It was pretty hard on The Boy, because, in The Boy's mind, Red Hook should have been a place of unbroken delights. But The Boy's mother wanted to make an all-round man of him, and when his mother said so, of course it had to be done, or tried. Bob used to go with The Boy as far as Dr. Bates's house, and then hang about on the gate until The Boy was released; and he asserts that the music which came out of the window in response to The Boy's inharmonic touch had no power whatever to soothe his own savage young breast. He attributes all his later disinclination to music to those dreary thirty minutes of impatient waiting.

The piano and its effect upon The Boy's uncertain temper *may* have been the innocent



JANE PURDY.

cause of the first and only approach to a quarrel which The Boy and Bob ever had. The prime cause, however, was, of course, a

girl. They were playing, that afternoon, at Cholwell Knox's, when Cholwell said something about Julia Booth which Bob resented, and there was a fight, The Boy taking Cholwell's part; why, he cannot say, unless it was because of his jealousy of Bob's affection and admiration for that charming young teacher, who won all hearts in the village, The Boy's



THE BOY'S UNCLE JOHN.

among the number. Anyway, Bob was driven from the field by the hard little green apples of the Knox orchard; more hurt, he declares, by the desertion of his ally than by all the blows he received.

It never happened again, dear Bob, and, please God, it never will!

Another trouble The Boy had in Red Hook was Dr. McNamee, a resident dentist, who operated upon The Boy now and then. He was a little more gentle than was The Boy's city dentist, Dr. Castle; but he hurt, for all that. Dr. Castle lived in Fourth Street, opposite Washington Parade Ground, and on the same block with Clarke and Fanning's School. And to this day The Boy would go far out of his way rather than pass Dr. Castle's house. Personally Dr. Castle was a delightful man, who told The Boy amusing stories, which The Boy could not laugh at while his mouth was wide open. But professionally Dr. Castle was to The Boy an awful horror, of whom he always dreamed when his dreams were particularly bad. As he looks back upon his boyhood,

with its frequent toothache and its long hours in the dentists' chairs, The Boy sometimes thinks that if he had his life to live over again, and could not go through it without teeth, he would prefer not to be born at all!

It has rather amused The Boy, in his middle age, to learn of the impressions he made upon Red Hook in his extreme youth. Bob, as has been shown, associates him with a little cart, and with a good part of the concord of sweet sounds. One old friend remembers nothing but his phenomenal capacity for the consumption of chicken pot-pie. Another old friend can recall the scrupulously clean white duck suits he wore of afternoons, and also the blue-checked long aprons he was forced to wear in the mornings; both of them exceedingly distasteful to The Boy, because the apron was a girl's garment, and because the duck-suit meant "dress-up," and only the mildest of genteel play; while Bob's sister dwells chiefly now upon a wonderful valentine The Boy sent once to Zillah Crane. It was so large that it had to have an especial envelope made to fit it; and it was so magnificent, and so delicate, that notwithstanding the envelope, it came in a box of its own. It had actual lace, and pinkish Cupids reclining on light-blue clouds; and in the center of all was a compressible bird-cage, which, when it was pulled out, like an accordion, displayed not a dove merely, but a plain gold ring—a real ring, made of real gold. Nothing like it had ever been seen before in all Dutchess County; and it was seen and envied by every girl of Zillah's age between Rhinebeck and Tivoli, between Barrytown and Pine Plains.

The Boy did an extensive business in the valentine line, in the days when February Fourteenth meant much more to boys than it does now. He sent sentimental valentines to Phoebe Hawkins, and comic valentines to his Uncle John, both of them written anonymously, and both directed in a disguised hand. But both recipients always knew from whom they came; and, in all probability, neither of them was much affected by the receipt. The Boy, as he has put on record elsewhere, never really, in his inmost heart, thought that comic valentines were so very comic, because those that came to him usually reflected upon his nose, or were illum-

inated with portraits of gentlemen of all ages adorned with supernaturally red hair.

In later years, when Bob and The Boy could swim—a little—and had learned to take care of themselves, the mill-pond at Red Hook played an important part in their daily life there. They sailed it, and fished it, and camped out on its banks, with Ed Curtis—before Ed went to West Point—and with Dick Hawley and Frank Rodgers, all first-rate fellows. But, as Mr. Kipling says, that is another story.

The Boy was asked, a year or two ago, to write a paper upon "The Books of his Boyhood." And when he came to think over the matter he discovered, to his surprise, that the Books of his Boyhood were only one book! It was bound in two twelvemo green cloth volumes; it bore the date of 1850, and it was filled with pictorial illustrations of "The Personal History and Experiences of David Copperfield, the Younger." It was the first book The Boy ever read, and he thought then, and sometimes he thinks now, that it was the greatest book ever written. The traditional books of the childhood of other children came to The Boy later. "Robinson Crusoe," and the celebrated "Swiss Family" of the same name; "The Desert Home," of Mayne Reid; Marryat's "Peter Simple"; "The Leather Stocking Tales"; "Rob Roy"; "The Three Guardsmen" were well thumbed and well liked; but they were not The Boy's first love in fiction, and they never usurped, in his affections, the place of the true account of David Copperfield. It was a queer book to have absorbed the time and attention of a boy of eight or nine, who had to skip the big words, who did not understand it all, but who cried, as he has cried but once since, whenever he came to that dreadful chapter which tells the story of the taking away of David's mother, and of David's utter, hopeless desolation over his loss.

How the book came into The Boy's possession he cannot now remember, nor is he sure that his parents realized how much, or how often, he was engrossed in its contents. It cheered him in the measles, it comforted him in the mumps. He took it to school with him, and he took it to bed with him; and he read it, over and over again, especially the early chap-

ters; for he did not care so much for David after David became Trotwood, and fell in love.

When, in 1852, after his grandfather's death, he first saw London, it was not the London of the Romans, the Saxons, or the Normans, nor the London of the Plantagenets or the Tudors, but the London of the Micawbers and the Traddleses, the London of Murdstone and Grinby, the London of Dora's Aunt and of "Jip." On his arrival at Euston Station the first object upon which his eyes fell was a donkey-cart, a large wooden tray on wheels, driven, at a rapid pace, by a long-legged young man, and followed, at a pace hardly so rapid, by a boy of about his own age, who seemed in great mental distress. This was the opening scene. And London, from that moment, became to him, and still remains, a great moving panorama of David Copperfield.

The Boy never walked along the streets of London by his father's side during that memorable summer without meeting in fancy some friend of David's, without passing some spot that David knew, and loved, or hated. And he recognized St. Paul's Cathedral at the first glance, because it had figured as an illustration on the cover of Peggotty's work-box!

This was the Book of The Boy's Boyhood. He does not recommend it as the exclusive literature of their boyhood to other boys; but out of it The Boy knows that he got nothing but what was healthful and helping. It taught him to abominate selfish brutality and sneaking falsehood, as they were exhibited in the Murdstones and the Heeps; it taught him to avoid rash expenditure as it was practiced by the Micawbers; it showed him that a man like Steerforth might be the best of good fellows and at the same time the worst and most dangerous of companions; it showed, on the other hand, that true friends like Traddles are worth having and worth keeping; it introduced him to the devoted, sisterly affection of a woman like Agnes; and it proved to him that the rough pea-jacket of a man like Ham Peggotty might cover the simple heart of as honest a gentleman as ever lived.

The Boy, in his time, has been brought in contact with many famous men and women,

but upon nothing in his whole experience does he look back with greater satisfaction than upon his slight intercourse with the first great man he ever knew. Quite a little lad, he was staying at the Pulaski House in Savannah, in 1853 — perhaps it was in 1855 — when his father told him to observe particularly the old gentleman, with the spectacles, who occupied a seat at their table in the public dining-room; for, he said, the time would come when The Boy would be very proud to say that he had breakfasted, and dined, and supped with Mr. Thackeray. He had no idea who, or what, Mr. Thackeray was; but his father considered him a great man, and that was enough for The Boy. He did pay particular attention to Mr. Thack-

eray, with his eyes and his ears; and one morning Mr. Thackeray paid a little attention to him, of which he is proud, indeed. Mr. Thackeray took The Boy between his knees, and asked his name, and what he intended to be when he grew up. He replied, "A farmer, sir." Why, he cannot imagine, for he never had the slightest inclination toward a farmer's life. And then Mr. Thackeray put his gentle hand upon The Boy's little red head, and said: "Whatever you are, try to be a good one."

If there is any virtue in the laying-on of hands The Boy can only hope that a little of it has descended upon him.

And whatever The Boy is, he has tried, for Thackeray's sake, "to be a good one!"

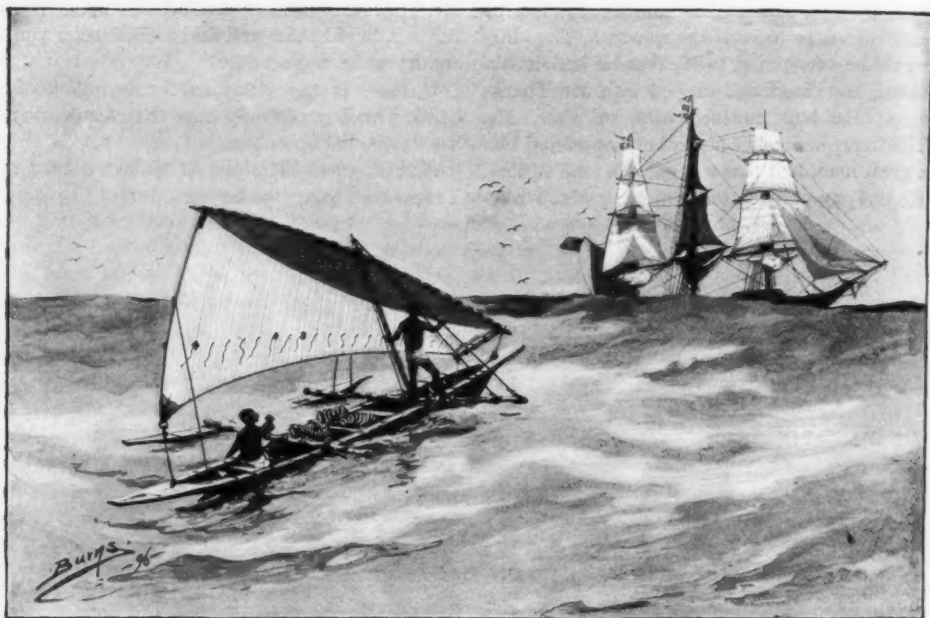
THE END.



THACKERAY'S ADVICE TO THE BOY: "WHATEVER YOU ARE, TRY TO BE A GOOD ONE."

SOME QUEER CRAFT.

BY GUSTAV KOBBE.



A FIJI ISLAND CATAMARAN, OR DOUBLE CANOE.

A PIECE of wood whittled to a point for the hull, a slender chip "stepped" in a slit for the mast, a bit of paper for the sail, and we have the small boy's typical boat. Simple as it is, it is interesting, because, by himself, the boy has adopted the square sail of the Northern races—a sail so typical of these that it was doubtless part of the rig of the Viking ship. Sometimes a boy will jab his mast through two pieces of paper,—a larger one, with a smaller one above it for a topsail,—unconsciously adopting the characteristic rig of the Norwegian Coaster. The first sign of disaster to the small boy's boat is the wetting of the sail as the miniature waves break over the deck. When the lower part of the sail becomes water-soaked and limp, there is dan-

ger of foundering in mid-pond or -puddle. To avoid this very danger on the real ocean, that portion of the Norwegian coaster's sail most exposed to a wetting is fastened to the rest by bands or "bonnets," and can be entirely removed when the necessity to reef arises.

The Southern nations, from the Mediterranean to the tropics, with their eye for the picturesque and their love of nature, copied the wing of a bird and adopted the pinion-like lateen sail, with its great curving yard and forward raking mast—the "gibbous or true sailing of the South," as it is called. You can see gaudily painted little boats rigged with lateen sails along the levee of the Mississippi, off the old French Market at New Orleans—and these we owe to the Italian truck-gardeners,

who carry their produce to market in these picturesque little craft.

All sails are variations of one or another of these two great types—the square and the lateen. The use of the former in barks and brigs and other square-rigged vessels is plain. And we can readily see, too, the fact that the fore-and-aft rig (jib and mainsail), which, because it is easier to handle, is rapidly supplanting the square, is an adaptation of the lateen, the forward rake of the mast having been increased until it became a bowsprit, while the great yard became the gaff of the mainsail. The lateen sail is remarkable for its lifting capacity, and the jib possesses this quality to an even greater degree.

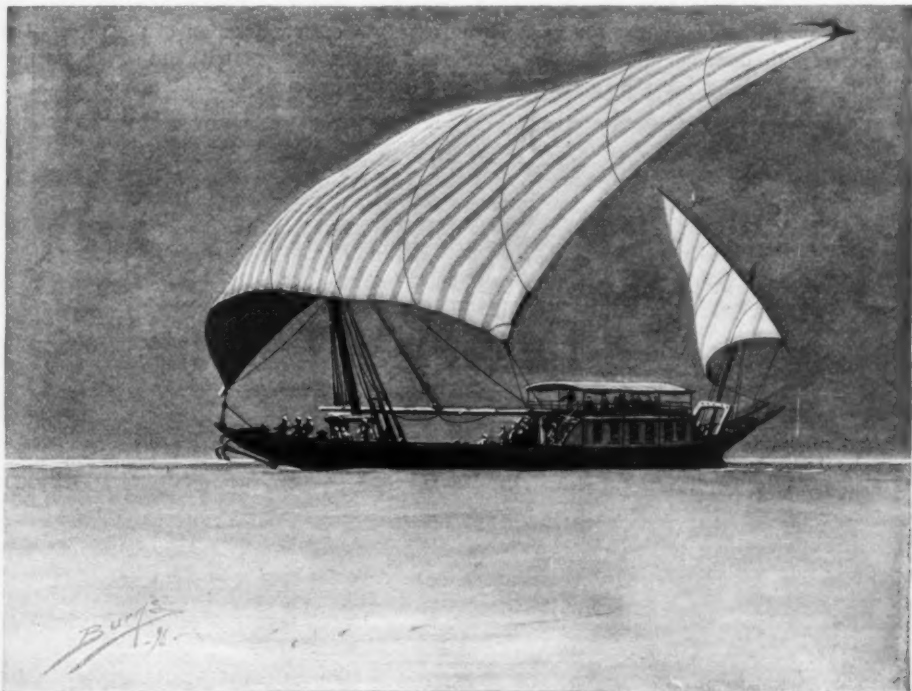
The fore-and-aft rig derives its ease of handling by direct borrowing from the lateen sail, which is as effective as it is simple. The craft of the Ladrone Islanders are so swift that they are called Flying Proas. They are long and very narrow, and alike at both ends—double-

enders among sailing craft; for by simply shifting the sail, bow and stern are reversed as

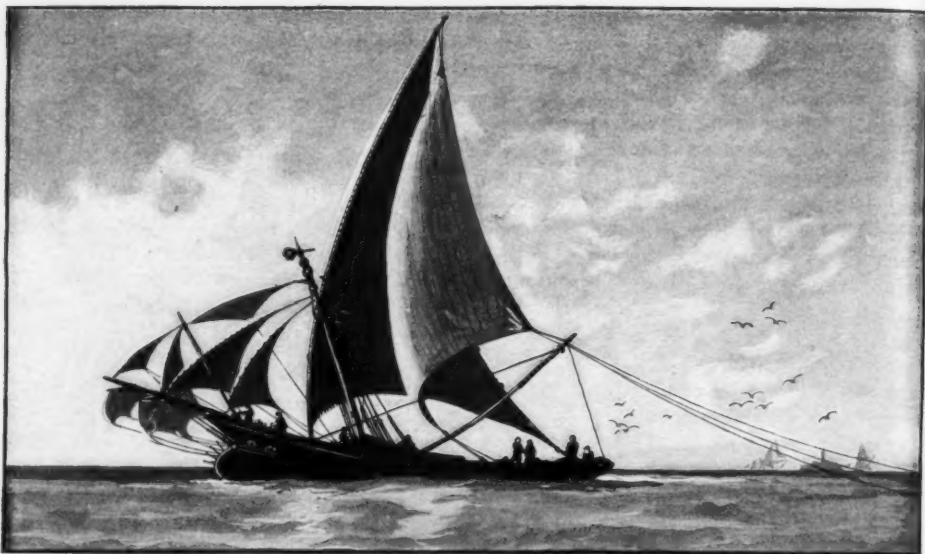


PROA, WITH OUTRIGGER.

they are by reversing the engines of a ferry-boat. Thus the proa is not obliged to "go about." The same side is always to leeward; and this is flat so that she can be sailed very close. The windward side is rounded, and to prevent the proa from capsizing on account of



A DAHABIYEH, THE BOAT OF THE NILE.



A MULETA, OR PORTUGUESE FISHING-BOAT.

the extreme narrowness of beam, an outrigger, to which a hollow, boat-shaped log is attached, extends from this side, so that the proa is a catamaran with one hull much smaller than the other. In sailing her a man sits in each end, steering with a paddle when the end in which he sits happens to be the stern. No iron is used in the construction of the proa. The sides are made separately, and sewed together at the ends with bark. The peculiar build of



AN ESKIMO IN HIS KAYAK.

the flying proa—double-ended, with differing sides, one always lee, the other always weather—is made possible by the direction of the trade-winds and the fact that the Ladrone Islands lie in a line almost due north and south, so that these slim, birdlike craft have simply to follow these points of the compass.

The Fiji Islanders have so-called "Double Canoes," which resemble the proa. One kind of Fiji Island canoe is, however, more like a true catamaran, the hulls being decked over and connected by a platform instead of by outriggers. Hatches lead below decks, and there is a small raised platform protected by a mat as a quarter-deck, from which the captain maintains a lookout for schools of fish. These craft are often from sixty to eighty feet long, and are steered with an oar twenty feet in length. Two and sometimes more men are required to handle this oar. The mast is on a pivot, and instead of going about, the sail is simply shifted from bow to stern.

And now, shifting the scene from the isles of the Pacific to the Nile, we find another characteristic lateen-sail craft in the Egyptian Dahabiyeh, the passenger-boat of the Nile, or in the Nuggar, the freight-boat of that historic river. These craft ply under regular racing rig, for the huge yard, with its powerful sweep, is about one third longer than the hull, and there is also a lateen-rigged jigger-mast. Where one of these craft is eighty feet long, the yard is one hundred and twenty—so long that it is made of several pieces firmly spliced. This enormous sail-power is required to stem the current. Nine months of the year the *Reis*, as the captain is called, has the wind fair upstream, and on the return voyage he stows away the sail and just floats down. To swing around with the current, he has a rudder six feet wide, the tiller extending over the top of the cabin, which is flush with the deck. And so the dahabiyeh drifts slowly past the ancient ruins along this famous stream; and the passenger on this craft, of a type perhaps coeval

with the Pharaohs, concludes that he who has not "done" Egypt on a dahabiyeh has not done it at all. The nuggar is like the dahabiyeh, except that it has no deck, only a stage for the steersman. It is a rough-looking craft built of short pieces of wood so loosely joined as to require much plugging with mud and rags.

Perhaps the oddest-looking craft in the world is the Muleta, the boat of the Portuguese fishermen. The remarkable features of the rig are the numerous little spritsails forward, which resemble so many little white-winged birds flying ahead of the vessel. Curious, too, is the rowel of ornamental nails at the bow. The usual method of fishing from the muleta is with drag-nets.

While the tropical and semi-tropical sailor clings to his lateen rig, the extreme Northern race, the Eskimo, clings perforce to his Kayak and paddle. The kayak suggests our racing-shell, but without the sliding seat, and so covered over that only a hole remains to admit the body. Even if the Eskimo of the extreme North wished to adopt a sail, he could not do so for lack of wood for the mast. The light frame of his kayak is made of bone skilfully thonged with seal-leather, and the skin of the seal is generally used for the covering. I have seen the Eskimos of Labrador in their kayaks, and it is wonderful with what a quick, nervous quiver these light craft respond to the slightest touch of the paddle. Within easy reach are the harpoons, guns, and bladder-floats of these daring sea-hunters, who, in their frail-looking kayaks, with icebergs towering almost in their course, and the white glare of the ice "loom" in the offing, brave dangers compared with which those encountered by the navigators of the flying proas, dahabiyehs, and muletas are trifling. The Eskimos furnish the extreme instance of that dogged courage of the Northern races which, united with intellectual energy, has enabled those more favored in their surroundings than these dwellers on arctic shores to develop into the great people of the earth.

HOW A PRESIDENT IS INAUGURATED.

BY CLIFFORD HOWARD.

ON the 4th of this March the twenty-fifth President of the United States will be inaugurated. The beautiful capital of our nation has been the scene of many grand and imposing celebrations; but it is said that the inauguration this year will be more magnificent than anything of the kind that has ever taken place in Washington. If Thomas Jefferson could come back to earth, it would be hard to make him believe that all this wonderful ceremony was for no other purpose than to install a new President in office. As you will remember, Thomas Jefferson was the first President of our country to be inaugurated at Washington. This took place in the year 1801, when our national capital was not much more than a year old; and you may imagine that the city was a very different-looking place from what it is to-day.

But now instead of a straggling town with a few muddy streets and about three thousand inhabitants, Jefferson would find our national capital one of the most beautiful cities on the face of the earth, with a population of nearly three hundred thousand; and on March 4 he would behold a scene such as he never dreamed of. Thousands of flags fly from the house-tops and windows, bright-colored bunting in beautiful designs adorns the great public buildings, all the stores and business houses are gaily decorated with flags and streamers, and everything presents the appearance of a great and glorious holiday, while the streets swarm with the hundreds of thousands of people who have come to the city from all parts of the country to take part in the grand celebration.

Everybody is moving toward Pennsylvania Avenue, where the parade is to march. No, not everybody: some fifty or sixty thousand make their way to the Capitol, so as to get a glimpse of the inauguration exercises that take place on the east portico; and although the

ceremonies will not begin until nearly one o'clock, the great space in front of the Capitol is packed with people three hours before that time, some of them having come as early as eight o'clock in the morning to be sure of getting a good view.

Early in the morning Pennsylvania Avenue is cleared of all street-cars, carriages, and bicycles, and no one is allowed to step off the sidewalk. A strong wire rope is stretched along each side of the avenue, so as to prevent people from getting into the street.

Soon every window and balcony along the line is crowded with spectators. Even the roofs are black with people, and small boys may be seen perched among the branches of the trees, or hanging on to the electric-light poles. For a distance of nearly three miles, on each side of the street, people are packed so closely together that it is almost impossible for them to move. In every park and open space along the line large wooden stands have been erected; and these, too, are filled with those who are willing to pay for seats.

As the time for the morning parade draws near, the crowds become restless with eagerness and excitement. Policemen on horseback dash up and down the avenue to see that the road is clear, and every now and then a trooper or messenger in bright uniform gallops past. Suddenly the boom of a cannon is heard. The next moment there comes the distant roll of drums, and then, amid the inspiring music of brass bands and tremendous cheering, the procession appears moving slowly down the avenue on its way to the Capitol. Riding ahead is a squad of mounted police—big, brawny fellows, with glittering brass buttons. After them come the United States troops and naval forces, armed with their rifles and sabers that flash in the sunlight, and marching to the music of the famous Marine Band, while rumbling over the

hard, smooth pavement of the avenue come the big cannons drawn by powerful horses. Then appears the chief marshal of the parade on his spirited horse, heading the body-guard of soldiers that surround the open carriage containing the President and the President-elect, sitting side by side. As the carriage, which is drawn by four handsome horses, rolls slowly along with its distinguished occupants, men and boys shout and cheer at the top of their lungs, and throw their hats into the air when their voices give out, while the women and girls wave their handkerchiefs and hurrah with the rest of the crowd. With hat in hand, the President-elect smiles and bows to the right and the left; and with the bands playing and people cheering, handkerchiefs fluttering and flags flying, he arrives at the Capitol a few minutes before noon. Here he meets with another rousing reception from the great mass of people who have been waiting for him for two or three hours; and it requires all the efforts of a small army of police to open a way for him and his party to pass into the Capitol.

The Fifty-fourth Congress is drawing to a close. The House of Representatives is about to adjourn, and many of its members have already come over to the Senate to witness the closing exercises there. Extra chairs and seats have been brought in for them and the many other prominent officials who also have gathered there, including the officers of the army and the navy, the justices of the Supreme Court, the cabinet officers, and the foreign ambassadors and ministers, many of whom are dressed in their gorgeous state robes. According to law, Congress must come to an end at noon; but if the presidential party has not made its appearance when the Senate clock is about to point to twelve, the hands are moved back a few minutes so as to gain time. And before the hands are allowed to get around to twelve, everybody has arrived, everything is in readiness, and the President of the Senate has administered the oath of office to his successor, the new Vice-President of the United States, who at once calls an extra session of the Senate, so that not a moment elapses between the death of one session and the birth of another. Then, after a short prayer by the chaplain and

a brief address by the Vice-President, the distinguished people gathered in the Senate form in line, and, headed by a company of newspaper reporters, they march in dignified procession to the rotunda, and thence to the platform on the east front of the Capitol.

The nine justices of the Supreme Court, clothed in their black robes, walk out on the platform first, followed by the President-elect. As soon as the crowd catches sight of him, a deafening shout breaks forth from fifty thousand throats, and, amid the enthusiastic uproar that lasts several minutes, hats and canes, umbrellas and handkerchiefs, are waved aloft or thrown wildly into the air by joyous and patriotic Americans. Removing his hat, the President-elect comes forward, and, turning to the Chief Justice of the United States, takes the oath of office as required by the Constitution. Then comes the inaugural address, which, of course, only those near the platform are able to hear. But the thirty or forty thousand who can't hear the speech are willing to agree with everything that is said, and every little while they shout and cheer and applaud.

All this time the crowd on the avenue has been patiently waiting for the return of the President. The morning's procession was nothing more than a military escort; now is to come the great feature of the day—the grand inauguration parade. The ceremonies at the Capitol are over at half-past one, and the new President goes at once to the White House, greeted with rousing cheers all along the way, and prepares to review the greatest parade ever seen in the city of Washington. All the morning, companies of soldiers, political clubs, bands, and drum corps have been preparing for the afternoon's march. There are so many thousands who are going to take part in the parade that orders have been given requiring all companies to march in ranks reaching from curb to curb, a distance of one hundred and thirty feet, and to follow one another as closely as possible.

The march is begun a little before two o'clock; and, although the people have been standing on the sidewalks since early morning, they have plenty of enthusiasm left, and they fill the air with their shouts and hurrahs as

regiment after regiment of magnificently drilled soldiers and horses marches by.

Even after the electric lamps are lighted, men and horses are still tramping along the avenue, and people are still shouting and the bands playing and flags waving. And all this time the President stands in front of the White House, reviewing the marching thousands as they pass along.

But although the big parade finally comes to an end, the festivities are not yet over. Late

into the night the city is brilliantly illuminated by magnificent and wonderful fireworks and powerful electric search-lights that shine from the tops of the tall buildings and light up the great dome of the Capitol and the Washington monument. Then comes the grand inaugural ball. There are over ten thousand people present, and the scene is a glorious and wonderful sight.

It is almost sunrise when the last carriage rolls away, and with the closing of the ball the inauguration festivities end.

JOHNNY IN GOBOLINK LAND.

BY RUTH MCENERY STUART AND ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE.

THE Gobolink book was too big to go into Johnny's stocking, and so Santa Claus tied it with a blue ribbon, and laid it on the end of the mantel just above where the stocking hung.

The old fellow giggled when he placed it there, and his eyes twinkled mischievously as he slipped a bit of folded paper beneath the ribbon, and this was what was written upon it:

This book is for Johnny; and what do you think?
Our Johnny himself is a gay Gobolink:
You never can tell for a moment or two
Just what little Johnny is likely to do.

Johnny cared more about the letter at first than he did about the book. It was an autograph letter written by old Santa himself, and it was really very exciting to get a message direct from headquarters. He hastened to seize his pen and ink so that he might label it properly for his autograph collection. He did not notice in his excitement that he let a drop fall into the upper fold of the sheet, but when presently he opened it again to show it to the cook, behold the ink splash had formed itself into a curious little figure which he afterward found to be a veritable Gobolink.

It had no features worth mentioning, but it seemed full of life. The very tightness with which Johnny had clasped the note had sent out from the blot various dancing legs, while a

pair of goggle eyes shot up from the tip-top of a great round head.

"I'll tell you what I'm going to do," said Johnny. "I'm going to name him Santa Claus. Ah, ha, Mr. Santa Claus," he chuckled, "you call me a Gobolink, do you? And what are you yourself? If there ever was an uncertain person on earth, you are one. We don't know anything at all about you or what you'll bring, or how you find out things about fellows; and so if I'm a Gobolink, so are—"

By this time Johnny had begun to write. He labored and breathed hard for about three minutes. And this was the result:

Dear Santy Claws, I'm much obliged.
This pictures you and more besides.

JOHNNY M. WILKENSOM.

Johnny's rhyme may not have been up to the mark, but his ideas of poetry had been received mainly from Mother Goose, who is not very strict in this respect.

But he soon learned that Gobolinks are coy fellows and the Muse uncertain. He used a good deal of paper, and got a number of foolish nothings which might have pleased him but for his first great success.

As the snow-storm continued, he sat at his little desk all day, dropping ink, folding and

pressing, with only a few real live Gobolinks to reward his pains.

That night, when the light was out, Johnny seemed to see funny little figures all over the wall. Some were alone—exactly alike on both sides—and some, differing in their parts, came in twos and groups.

And so they kept on coming and coming, Widelums in pairs—Dipse-Doodle-the-great-Kioodle, and his brother—followed by a long procession. But Johnny thought none of them so fine as his own festive Santa Claus. No verse in the book gave him quite such pleasure as his own first couplet.

"I 'll make a lot of Gobolinks to-morrow that 'll beat the whole book all to pieces—an' I 'll write some more poetry to them, too."

As he uttered this resolution aloud he suddenly heard a queer little titter, and looking up he saw the funniest and fattest old fellow imaginable walking up and down the brass rod that ran across the foot of his bed. He evidently was not timid, for he kept his footing easily, with his hands deep in his pockets.

"What are you laughing at, Mr. Smarty, and who are you?" Johnny sat bolt upright as he spoke. He was not a coward, and even if he had been, the funny little fellow was far smaller than himself.

At this the intruder stopped in the middle of the brass rod, and chuckled.

"Who are you, I say?" Johnny repeated.

"I am the Great Gee-Whizz!" As he spoke, his guest made a low bow to the moon, which at that moment peeped in at the east window. "I am the Great Gee-Whizz—surnamed The Riotous, because of my festive disposition; and if you 'll be attentive, and excuse my back, I 'll gobble all about it for you."

Johnny had never been quite so attentive in all his life, and presently, the funny fellow began to sing in an uncommonly high-pitched voice:

"Oh, I am the Great Gee-Whizz!
My regular business is
To carry the keys of Gobolink land—
Ca-flappety-boodle-sizz!"

As he uttered the last line he suddenly flapped his great arms and ears like wings, and Johnny nearly fell out of bed with surprise.

Gee-Whizz laughed pleasantly at this. "Don't be disturbed," he said; "those last words are Gobolink talk; and I often end my songs with that wing-like movement. Being Keeper of the Keys, I mostly keep my hands in my pockets; and as Lord High Gobolinktum to the King I preserve my dignity by turning my back to everybody except His Highness. These others



"KEEPER OF THE KEYS."

that you see are in my train. I was laughing just now because you spoke of making Gobolinks. You might get a few Gobolink pictures; but there 's just as much difference between a Gobolink and his picture as there is between a boy and his photograph, or his gobograph, as we call them. We have lots of gobographs of you, by the way, in our collection."

Johnny was sitting bolt upright now.

"Oh, we snap you on the fly," continued the Gee-Whizz. "You are a pretty nice fellow—for a boy. Of course, you are not a Gobolink."

By this time, Johnny had pretty well recovered himself, and he was a trifle offended at the insinuation of his guest; also, perhaps, at his facility in making rhymes, which Johnny had not found by any means so easy a task.

"I do not think Gee-Whizz is a very nice name," he said, a little crossly; "and Ca-flap-pety-boodle-sizz sounds like slang. I don't believe you would have said it if you could have thought of anything else to rhyme. It sounds to me more like a soda-fountain. I'll take chocolate and cream, please," he added.

All the Gobolinks laughed at this. Johnny could hear them tittering all over the room, even where he could not see them, and he suddenly realized that he was in the midst of a great number of the strange creatures.

"Oh," said the Gee-Whizz, "you will have to go with us if you want soda-water to-night. We will take you to the land of Noodle. It is not very far, as it is only on the border of the Gobolink country. Of course, we could not take you to the capitol or the King's palace on the first trip. It is day after to-morrow there now."

Almost before he knew it, Johnny found himself on the way. He had no idea what direction they were taking. He did not recognize any of the country as they swept along far above it. His arm was linked through that of the Great Gee-Whizz, and behind them came a troop of ridiculous creatures.

Johnny kept constantly looking over his shoulder at the grotesque train.

"Is it much farther?" he asked, when he thought they had come about 275½ miles.

"Oh, yes, some distance," replied the Great Gee-Whizz; "and to pass the time I will tell you a sad little story of Noodle land, which contains a moral as well as a romance. You are fond of rhymes, I perceive, so I will recite it in that way. All Gobolinks are very good single-handed poets, and you will get a number of ideas on rhyming from us in the course of time."

Johnny was rather overawed by this statement.

"I shall be very glad, indeed, to learn," he said, humbly. "I'm afraid my poetry would not do to put into a book — yet."

"Oh, for that matter I have seen some pretty poor poetry in books," said the Gee-Whizz. "I have written some of it myself. 'The Sad Fate of the Gentle Oodle' is my latest:

"Once there was a gay Gamboodle—
Tall and brave was he;

And he loved a gentle Oodle—
This was in the land of Noodle
Where all Oodles be.

"Dear," he whispered to the Oodle,
'Whatsoe'er you do,
Look out for the fierce Impoodle—
He would make a thin Cathoodle
Quickly out of you.'

Then the foolish little Oodle
Laughed and shook her head.
"Never mind, my gay Gamboodle
I fear not your fierce Impoodle,"
Thus the Oodle said.

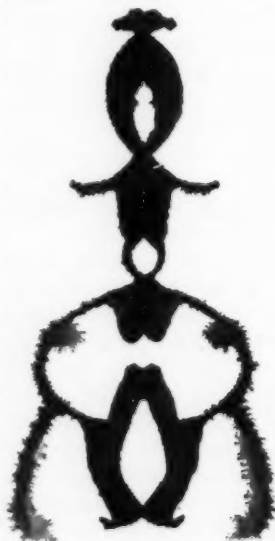
"But, alas, a thin Cathoodle
She was doomed to be;
For, one day, the fierce Impoodle
Caught the gentle little Oodle—
Silly Oodle—poor Gamboodle—
Lonely now is he."

Johnny had grown very grave during this recital.

"Is that a true story?" he faltered, as the Gee-Whizz finished.

"Oh, yes," said Gee-Whizz.

"I have gobographs of all the characters in my pocket. I shall use them in my new book, which I intend to call 'Doo-daddles.'" Here he drew some pictures from his pocket and passed them over to Johnny. The gentle Oodle held his attention longest because of her sad fate, her no-



THE GAY GAMBOODLE.

table lack of arms, and the pathetic expression of her eyes. As Johnny handed the pictures back, the Great Gee-Whizz suddenly pointed to a high hill that just then appeared before them, down which Johnny saw swarms of ink-goblins coming to meet them.

"You call your book 'Doo-daddles'? What a funny name!" said Johnny. "And what are doo-daddles?"

"Oh, they are really only daddles, but we call them doo-daddles because almost anybody can do them. But we are now," said the Gee Whizz, "on the border of Gobolink land; and

those are the Noodle-inks. They are a quiet, inoffensive people; and if it were not for the fierce Impoodle that lies in wait for stragglers, and a band of Robbolinks that now and then make a raid on them for boodle—which is our regular Gobolink word for wealth—their happiness would be unalloyed."

They had by this time reached

the Noodle advance guards, who flocked around them, all eager to get near the little boy.

Johnny recognized the Great Kioodle, who seemed to be an officer of rank, as well as his brother, who was only of rank and file. But the Gee-Whizz was hurrying Johnny over the hill-top.

"I must take you at once to the Great Shampoodle," said he. "He governs the land of Noodle. After that introduction you can go about pretty much as

you please. Only be careful to avoid the Impoodle and the Robbolinks."

Johnny's fear had long since departed, and

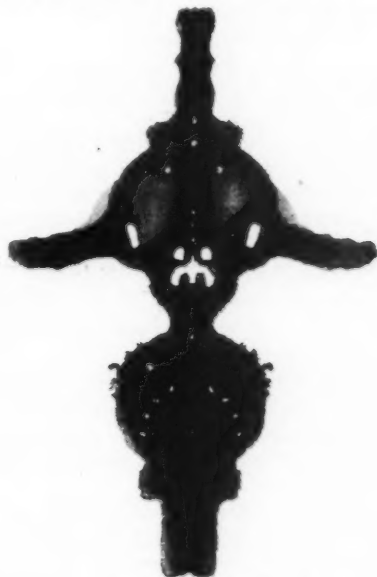


THE GREAT SHAM-
POODLE.



THE FIERCE IMPOODLE.

he was enjoying everything immensely. He was very much interested just now in studying the queer houses and streets as they swept over them, and the great palace of the Shampoodle that was looming up just ahead. The streets



THE ROBBOLINK CHIEF.

below seemed full of people and queer animals and fowls. Suddenly, just as they landed on the steps of the palace, there was a wild cry



THE GENTLE OODLE.



THE THIN CATHOODLE.

and a sudden uproar. The Great Gee-Whizz grasped the little boy's arm very tightly.

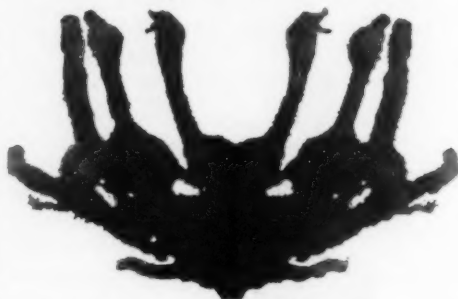
"The Robbolinks!" he shrieked; and now for the first time Johnny saw his face, which was pale with fear. "You must fly at once. Here! this way—quick!"

A medley of wild shouts filled Johnny's ears. A troop of Noodolinks, headed by the great Kioodle, rushed by at full speed. A flock of queer geese ran hissing and squawking past. Johnny felt himself lifted bodily by the Great Gee-Whizz, and a second later he was dropped into what looked like a big bicycle tire. There was a rush of air, a roaring sound, a long slide, and a flash of light, and Johnny was suddenly sitting bolt upright again in his bed, with the morning sun shining in at the east window where he had seen the moon but a few hours before.

He rubbed his eyes, and felt himself to make sure that he was all there. "My!" he said at last, "but that was a narrow escape, *I tell you.*

I wonder what became of the Great Gee-Whizz. He sent me back with 'a ca-flappety-boodle-sizz!'—sure enough!"

He reflected for some moments over the strange adventures of the night.



A FLOCK OF GEESE FROM GOBOLINK LAND.

"Anyhow," he said, "I'll have some pictures to show him *next* time he comes, and some poetry too—you see if I don't."

A FORTUNE.

ONE day a man was walking along the street, and he was sad at heart. Business was dull. He had set his desire upon a horse that cost a thousand dollars, and he had only eight hundred with which to buy it. There were other things, to be sure, that might be bought with eight hundred dollars, but he did not want those; so he was sorrowful, and thought the world a bad place.

As he walked, he saw a child running toward him. It was a strange child; but when he looked at it, its face lightened like sunshine and broke into smiles. The child held out its closed hand.

"Guess what I have!" it cried gleefully.

"Something fine, I am sure," said the man pleasantly.

The child nodded and drew nearer, then opened its hand.

"Look!" it said; and the street rang with its happy laughter.

The man looked, and in the child's hand lay a penny.

"Hurrah!" said the child.

"Hurrah!" said the man.

Then they parted, and the child went and bought a stick of candy, and saw all the world red and white in stripes.

The man went and put his eight hundred dollars in the savings-bank, all but fifty cents; and with the fifty cents he bought a brown hobbyhorse with white spots for his own little boy; and the little boy saw all the world brown with white spots.

"Is this the horse you wanted so to buy, father?" asked the little boy.

"It is the horse I have bought," said the man.

"Hurrah!" said the little boy.

"Hurrah!" said the man.

And he saw that the world was a good place, after all.

L. E. R.

THE TRUE STORY OF MARCO POLO.

BY NOAH BROOKS.

(This story was begun in the June number.)

CHAPTER XVII.

THE POLO BROTHERS INTRODUCE WESTERN SIEGE ARTILLERY.



AFTER Marco had visited Yunnan, he made an excursion into Burmah and Bengal. Returning to Cathay, he next describes some of the cities of the southern part of that Empire, and proceeds to

relate a curious circumstance connected with the capture of the city of Saianfu, or Siangyang-fu, as it is now called, one of the cities of Manzi, the province lying south of the Yellow River. He says:

Now you must know that this city held out against the Great Khan for three years after the rest of Manzi had surrendered. The Great Khan's troops made incessant attempts to take it, but they could not succeed because of the great and deep waters that were round about it, so that they could approach from one side only, which was the north. And I tell you they never would have taken it, but for a circumstance that I am going to relate.

You must know that when the Great Khan's host had lain three years before the city without being able to take it, they were greatly chafed thereat. Then Messer Nicolo Polo and Messer Maffeo and Messer Marco said: "We could find you a way of forcing the city to surrender speedily"; whereupon those of the army replied, that they would be right glad to know how that should be. All this talk took place in the presence of the Great Khan. For messengers had been despatched from the camp to tell him that there was no taking the city by blockade, for it continually received supplies of victual from those sides which they were unable to invest: and the Great Khan had sent back word that take it they must, and find a way how. Then spoke up the two brothers and Messer Marco, the son, and said: "Great Prince, we have with us among our followers men who are able to construct mangonels which shall cast such

great stones that the garrison will never be able to stand them, but will surrender at once, as soon as the mangonels or trebuchets shall have shot into the town."

The Khan bade them with all his heart have such mangonels made as speedily as possible. Now, Messer Nicolo and his brother and his son immediately caused timber to be brought, as much as they desired, and fit for the work in hand. And they had two men among their followers, a German and a Nestorian Christian, who were masters of that business, and these they directed to construct two or three mangonels capable of casting stones of 300-pounds weight. Accordingly they made three fine mangonels, each of which cast stones of 300-pounds weight and more. And when they were complete and ready for use, the Emperor and the others were greatly pleased to see them, and caused several stones to be shot in their presence; whereat they marveled greatly and greatly praised the work. And the Khan ordered that the engines should be carried to his army which was at the leaguer of Saianfu.

And when the engines were got to the camp they were forthwith set up, to the great admiration of the Tartars. And what shall I tell you? When the engines were set up and put in gear, a stone was shot from each of them into the town. These took effect among the buildings, crashing and smashing through every thing with huge din and commotion. And when the townspeople witnessed this new and strange visitation they were so astonished and dismayed that they wist not what to do or say. They took counsel together, but no counsel could be suggested how to escape from these engines, for the thing seemed to them to be done by sorcery. They declared that they were all dead men if they yielded not, so they determined to surrender on such conditions as they could get.

So the men of the city surrendered, and were received to terms; and this all came about through the exertions of Messer Nicolo and Messer Maffeo and Messer Marco; and it was no small matter. For this city and province is one of the best that the Great Khan possesses, and brings him in great revenues.

There is some uncertainty about the story, as here told by Marco, for it is related in history that the city was reduced at a period earlier than the time of the visit of the Polos; but it is possible that there has been a mistake made in the dates, as recorded by the Chinese historians. But, in any case, the employment of

novel engines of war, by the advice of strangers from the West, was an actual fact; all histories agree as to that. A mangonel was an engine of timber designed to throw great stones a long distance with terrific force, exactly as described by Marco. In those ancient times, before the invention of gunpowder, it was customary to use these, and also arblasts, or bows of steel or horn, so tough and strong that the string had to be drawn back to the trigger by a lever, or a winch. Another contrivance for throwing bolts and stones was the catapult, and another was the ballista. It is related that

pass and repass on its waters a great number of vessels, and more wealth and merchandize than on all the rivers and all the seas of Christendom put together! It seems indeed more like a Sea than a River. Messer Marco Polo said that he once beheld at that city 15,000 vessels at one time. And you may judge, if this city, of no great size, has such a number, how many must there be altogether, considering that on the banks of this river there are more than sixteen provinces and more than 200 great cities, besides towns and villages, all possessing vessels?

Messer Marco Polo aforesaid tells us that he heard from the officer employed to collect the Great Khan's duties on this river that there passed upstream 200,000 vessels in the year, without counting those that passed down! Indeed as it has a course of such great length,



CATAPULTS, MANGONELS, AND OTHER ANCIENT MACHINES FOR THROWING STONES, ARROWS, AND VARIOUS MISSILES.
FROM ILLUSTRATIONS IN MARCO POLO'S BOOK.

burning stuff to corrupt the air was sometimes thrown into a city by the besiegers who used these machines. The machines used by the Saracens were called trebuchets; and that is a name sometimes applied to the mangonel.

The Yang-tse-Kiang river aroused the admiration of Marco, and he devotes much space to an account of its vastness and the volume of its commerce. The Chinese name for the stream is "Son of the Ocean," so great is its depth and width. Of it the traveler says:

And I assure you this river flows so far and traverses so many countries and cities that in good sooth there

and receives so many other navigable rivers, it is no wonder that the merchandize which is borne on it is of vast amount and value. And the article in largest quantity of all is salt, which is carried by this river and its branches to all the cities on their banks, and thence to the other cities in the interior.

The vessels which ply on this river are decked. They have but one mast, but they are of great burthen, for I can assure you they carry, reckoning by our weight, from 4000 to 12,000 cantars each. In going upstream they have to be hauled, for the current is so strong that they could not make head in any other manner. Now the tow-line, which is some 300 paces in length, is made of nothing but cane. 'T is in this way: they have those great canes of which I told you before that they are some fifteen paces in length; these they take and split from end

CHAPTER XVIII.

AMONG THE ISLES OF INDIA.

WE have already said that the first accounts ever written of the countries lying to the south and east of China were the work of Marco Polo. It should not be understood that he visited all the islands of the Indian archipelago, but from others he learned what he has set down in his book concerning those regions of the world, then unknown to Europe except by very vague and misty report. And, considering that the information which he acquired is given us at second hand, it must be admitted that very few mistakes have been made in his narrative. Marco introduces his account of the isles



GOLD ISLAND.

to end into many slender strips, and then they twist these strips together so as to make a rope of any length they please. And the ropes so made are stronger than if they were made of hemp.

There are at many places on this river hills and rocky eminences on which the idol-monasteries and other edifices are built; and you find on its shores a constant succession of villages and inhabited places.

There is very little exaggeration in this account. By twelve thousand cantars we should understand that the traveler refers to a weight equal to a little more than five hundred tons, which is a large cargo. The "idol-monasteries" of Marco Polo still stand on the rocky islets of the Yang-tse-Kiang; they are Buddhist monasteries and are known as Orphan Rock, Golden Island, and Silver Island. And they are very picturesque features of the river scenery.



SILVER ISLAND.



AN ISLAND MONASTERY.

of India with a description of Chinese sea-going vessels, which we shall not repeat.

The ships of the Great Khan were better for navigation in distant seas than those of Europe were in Marco's time. They were better than the vessels with which Columbus crossed the Atlantic and discovered the coast of America. But the Chinese have made no progress since that day. They build their junks, as they are called, just as they did one thousand years ago. Still, it is to be noted that the Mongols, or Chinese, invented and used water-tight com-

partments in ships; and our modern ship-builders have copied the Chinese in this respect, at least, even although the Chinese have not invented anything of importance to mariners since then.

Now let us see what Marco has to say about Japan; for that is the country which he names Chipangu, and which was variously known afterward in those days of spelling by sound, as Cipango, Zipangu, and Zumpango.

Marco is describing to us the countries subject to the Great Khan; and Cipango was interesting to him for the reason that Kublai Khan had lately sent an expedition against it. He says:

CHIPANGU is an Island towards the east in the high seas, 1500 miles distant from the Continent; and a very great Island it is.

The people are white, civilized, and well-favored. They are idolaters, and are dependent on nobody. And I can tell you the quantity of gold they have is endless; for they find it in their own Islands, and the King does not allow it to be exported. Moreover, few merchants visit this country because it is so far from the main land, and thus it comes to pass that their gold is abundant beyond all measure.

I will tell you a wonderful thing about the Palace of the Lord of that Island. You must know that he hath a great Palace which is entirely roofed with fine gold, just as our churches are roofed with lead, insomuch that it would scarcely be possible to estimate its value. Moreover, all the pavement of the Palace, and the floors of the chambers are entirely of gold, in plates like slabs of stone, a good two-fingers thick; and the windows also are of gold, so that altogether the richness of this Palace is past all bounds and all belief.

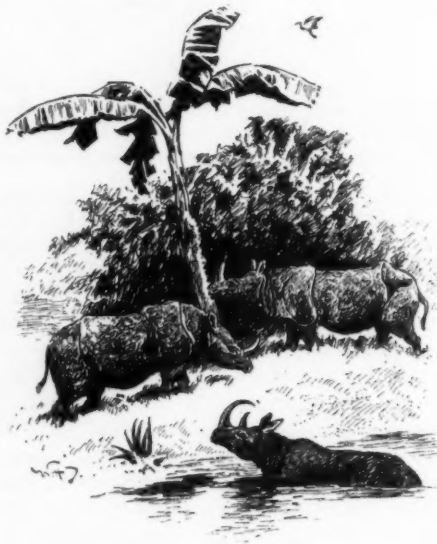
They have also pearls in abundance; which are of a rose color, but fine, big, and round, and quite as valuable as the white ones. In this Island some of the dead are buried, and others are burnt. When a body is burnt, they put one of these pearls in the mouth, for such is their custom. They have also quantities of other precious stones.

Kublai, the Grand Khan who now reigneth, having heard much of the immense wealth that was in this Island, formed a plan to get possession of it. For this purpose he sent two of his Barons with a great navy, and a great force of horse and foot. These Barons were able and valiant men, one of them called ABACAN and the other VONSAINCHIN, and they weighed with all their company from the ports of Zayton and Kinsay, and put out to sea.

They sailed until they reached the Island aforesaid, and there they landed, and occupied the open country and the villages, but did not succeed in getting possession of any city or castle. And so a disaster befell them, as I shall now relate.

It was this part of Marco's story that was greatly disbelieved in Europe when he returned to tell of the wonders he had seen in the far East. Possibly his account of the marvelous adventures of Khan's generals in Cipango threw doubt on his whole story. The expedition was a failure, and it is likely that each of the leaders attempted to put the blame upon the other; the result was a long and curious tale of adventure which, although you may some day like to read it for yourselves, need not be told here.

But the marvels of the fabled island of Cipango took strong hold of the European imagination, after a while. As we have already said, Columbus expected to reach India and Cathay by sailing westward, and one of the



THE THREE ASIATIC RHINOCEROSSES. INDIAN (UPPER) SUMATRAN (LOWER) JAVANESE (MIDDLE).

objects of his search was the rich island of Cipango.

When he happened on those islands which he called mistakenly the West Indies, he was afraid that he had missed Cipango, and he asked the natives where the land of gold (Cipango) was situated; when they pointed to the south, he made up his mind that he had sailed by the northern point of Cipango and had fallen upon

one of the Indian islands. Later on, in 1498, after the discovery of America, John Cabot and his son Sebastian sailed on an expedition into the west, and they too were searching for the wealthy island of Cipango, which of course they never found.

Marco gives glowing accounts of the great maritime cities of Kinsay and Zayton, on the eastern and southeastern coast of China. The modern name of Kinsay is Hangchau, and it was in Marco's time a port of the very first importance. It is the capital of Chinkiang. Zayton was the port from which the Khan's fleets sailed for the capture of Japan, and from that port also sailed Marco Polo and his father and uncle on their final return to Europe, when they took with them the bride of the Persian Khan. Zayton was what is now known as Chinchau, or Tsienchau, south from Hangchau. The city was famous, among other things, for a peculiar, rich, and glossy silk which got its name, *satín*, from a change of the name of the city Zayton, or Zaituni, where it was made and exported. In the same way calico takes its name from the Indian city, Calicut, and cambric from Cambrai. Kinsay and Zayton were also objects of Columbus's search on his first and second voyages.

Another region in the eastern archipelago noted by Marco is Cochin China, which he calls Chamba. Cochin China was conquered by the Great Khan, and Marco visited the country in 1285, he says. At that time, according to Marco Polo, the King had a great many wives; and he also had, "between sons and daughters, 326 children, of whom at least 150 were men fit to carry arms." Of the productions of the country he says:

There are very great numbers of elephants in this kingdom, and they have lignaloës in great abundance. They have also extensive forests of the wood called *Bonús*, which is jet-black, and of which chessmen and pen-cases are made.

Elephants are still very numerous in Cochin China; and ebony, the jet-black wood of which

Marco speaks, is also brought from there. We are to understand that lignaloës is the antique name for aloes-wood—a vegetable product from which is prepared the drug known in medicine as aloes.

The other countries of which Marco speaks are Java, of which he gives a very meager account; Sumatra, which he calls "Java the Less," and divers other islands, which are difficult now for us to identify on the modern map. Concerning the strange things he saw in Sumatra, Marco says:

This also is an independent kingdom, and the people have a language of their own; but they are just like beasts, without laws or religion. They call themselves subjects of the Great Khan, but they pay him no tribute; indeed they are so far away that his men could not go thither. Still all these Islanders declare themselves to be his subjects, and sometimes they send him curiosities as presents. There are wild elephants in the country, and numerous unicorns, which are very nearly as big. They have hair like that of a buffalo, feet like those of an elephant, and a horn in the middle of the forehead, which is black and very thick. They do no mischief, however, with the horn, but with the tongue alone; for this is covered all over with long and strong prickles, and when savage with any one they crush him under their knees and then rasp him with their tongue. The head resembles that of a wild boar, and they carry it ever bent toward the ground. They delight much to abide in mire and mud. 'T is a passing ugly beast to look upon. There are also monkeys here in great numbers and of sundry kinds; and goshawks as black as crows. These are very large birds and capital for fowling.

Marco confounds the rhinoceros with the fabulous unicorn, as many other writers of the olden time have done. The unicorn, which was represented as "fighting for the crown" with the lion, was something like the horse with a single horn in his forehead. There was no such creature; but the rhinoceros, then very little known, was mistaken for the unicorn. But the Sumatra rhinoceros usually has two horns; it is the Indian beast of this family that has but one horn. If Marco Polo had with his own eyes seen the so-called unicorn of Sumatra, he doubtless would have been very much puzzled.

(To be continued.)

A CENTURY OF PRESIDENTS.

(A Prize Puzzle.)

BY MARY SEYMOUR.

As a great many readers of ST. NICHOLAS cannot attend the inauguration ceremonies in Washington on March 4, I propose that we have a presidential pageant all to ourselves, and such a one as our beautiful capital has never seen. For I promise that there shall be, not the usual meager supply of two Presidents, one outgoing and one incoming, but a whole century full, and with them a goodly number of men who, as their cabinet advisers, have helped to guide our ship of state. There will be no order observed in our procession; in fact, the arrangement will be somewhat as it may happen; but the queerest thing about the procession will be that the time it will occupy in passing any given point will depend on the quickness of the lookers-on.

We secure the best possible point of view, and await the approach with a thrill of anticipation. There, in the carriage drawn by dapple-grays, are the self-styled "Old Public Functionary" (1) and the man said to be the author (2) of the expression so often quoted in part, "They see nothing wrong in the rule that to the victors belong the spoils of the enemy." And there are the President (3) who received the famous "X. Y. Z. despatches" and the "Hero of the Tarontee" (4). The man (5) who said, "A pound of pluck is worth a ton of luck," is by the side of the noble-minded statesman (6) who, after leaving the cabinet, declined an advantageous offer from a foreign financier, saying, "A man who has had the direction of the finances of his country so long as I have, should not die rich."

Do you know that President (7) now passing is the one for whose election mass-meetings and political processions were first brought into campaign use? As we look at the man beside him, we are reminded that Emerson described him as "the Master of Elegance" (8).

The weighty and absorbing questions of currency and finance are still fresh in our minds as

we see the President (9) in whose administration specie payments were resumed after the Civil War, the Secretary (10) who issued the currency called "greenbacks," and the Chief Executive (11) who announced with satisfaction in his last annual message that "the country was without a national bank and without a permanent national debt." Seated by the latter is the President of the United States (12) who became a member of the Confederate States Congress.

We look for a moment at the only Chief Magistrate (13), since Washington, who was elected a second time virtually without an opposing candidate. His companion is the soldier (14) who, at the head of the Mississippi Rifles, led his famous "V" movement at the battle of Buena Vista.

We remember that questions about lands and boundaries have ever been matters for wise statesmen, as we recall the time when our able and many-sided President (15) more than doubled the territory of the United States, and when a certain Secretary of State (16) arranged the purchase of Alaska. And it was while that scholarly Naval Secretary (17) was in office that our government made the treaty that quieted the war-cry, "Fifty-four forty, or fight!" A resolute man in war and in peace was that President (18) who was counseled by the "Kitchen Cabinet."

We wave a salute to "the Cincinnatus of the West" (19) and to the Chief Magistrate (20) during whose campaign was first used a political nickname, meaning "chief," taken from the extinct Massachusetts Indian language as found in Eliot's Bible. Behind those curveting bays you see the first "dark horse" (21) elected to the Presidency, and the man (22) who served seventeen years in Congress after leaving the White House. There come the Secretary (23) who negotiated the first treaty between the

United States and China, and the doughty general (24) who, in a well-fought battle, gave the characteristic order, "A little more grape, Captain Bragg!"

Lowell said of the man (25) to whom we now turn our eyes, "He cannot let go the apron-string of the Past." He is with the last Chief Magistrate (26) belonging to the great Whig party. And now we see the President (27) who set in operation the civil-service reform act, and the one (28) who was privileged to have his life written for his campaign by the author of "The Wonder Book."

We look intently at the statesman (29) whom Sydney Smith called "a living lie, because no man on earth could be so great as he looked," and our eyes linger on "the kindly-earnest, brave, foreseeing man . . . the First American" (30). It was high praise that Bancroft bestowed on that able leader (31) when he referred to him as the "wisest civilian of Virginia." The author and orator (32) by his side received only the seven electoral votes of Vermont when nominated for the Presidency by the Anti-Masonic party.

The next carriage in line brings the President (33) who took the oath of office in his rooms at

the Kirkwood House in Washington, and the friend (34) of Lafayette against whom, as a cabinet official, false charges were made in the House of Representatives — the movement being known as the "A. B. Plot." Though we cannot hear his matchless voice, we see the face of the statesman (35) who named the protective-tariff policy "the American System," and with him we hail the President (36) in whose administration Oklahoma, the last new Territory, was created.

Both of the men who bring up the rear of the remarkable procession had military experience. One (37) directed a telling fire on the city of Mexico from a gun placed in the steeple of a village church; and the other (38) once commanded a company of minute-men of whom John Randolph said, "They were raised in a minute, armed in a minute, marched in a minute, fought in a minute, and vanquished in a minute!" That energetic youth became the profound jurist whose decisions best interpreted and greatly strengthened the Constitution under which we live.

The fanciful parade is over. As we turn from it, let us look with clearer sight at the men and things of to-day.

LIST OF PRIZES OFFERED FOR ANSWERS TO THE PRIZE PUZZLE "A CENTURY OF PRESIDENTS."

FOR the best answers to the Presidential puzzle on page 430, according to the conditions of the competition, ST. NICHOLAS offers the following prizes:

One prize of Five Dollars.

Two prizes of Four Dollars each.

Five prizes of Three Dollars each.

Ten prizes of Two Dollars each.

Twelve prizes of One Dollar each.

These, amounting to sixty dollars, will be given in the form of brand-new one-dollar bills. Directions for preparing and forwarding answers are given below. The competition is open to all regular readers of ST. NICHOLAS from the age of ten to the age of eighteen years inclusive.

The Committee of Judges in awarding prizes will take into account not only the correctness of the answers, but the age of the sender and the neatness of the manuscript. All answers must be received at the office of ST. NICHOLAS before April 15, 1897, and no competitor may send more than one copy.

Do not write letters or notes that require a reply, as the Editor cannot undertake to answer questions concerning the competition. The conditions are fully stated here.

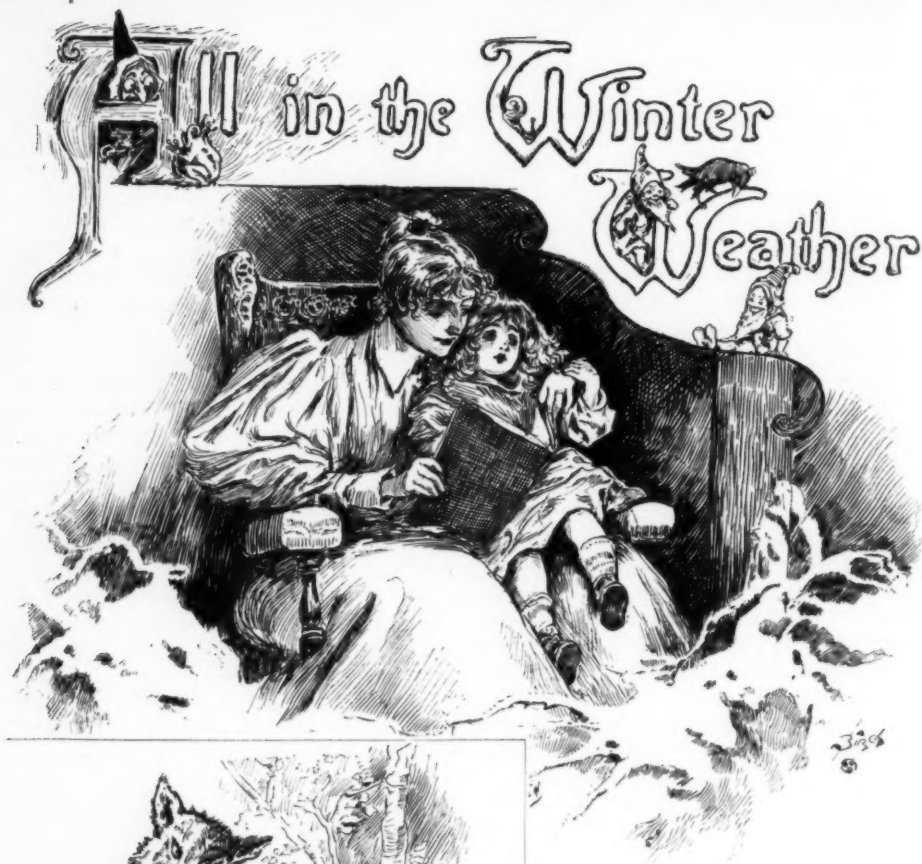
Each number represents a question to be answered by the name of a man of distinction in the history of the United States. Arrange the answers in the order of the questions, and number them on the left-hand margin.

Give your name, age, and address at the top of each page of the answers, leaving space enough above to fasten the pages together. Use sheets of note-paper size, and black ink, and write on only one side of the paper.

Address: Office of ST. NICHOLAS,

Union Square, New York City;

And write in left-hand lower corner of the envelop "Prize Puzzle."



BY GRACE WINTHROP.

My little love and I,—
 All in the winter weather,—
 Though winds may sob and sigh,
 Yet we are glad together,
 My little love and I.

Beside the fire, at home,—
 All in the winter weather,—
 Through fairyland we roam;
 O'er hill and dale and heather,
 And ocean's flying foam.

And there, within a wood,—
 All in the winter weather,—

We meet Red Riding Hood
And cruel Wolf together—
The evil and the good.

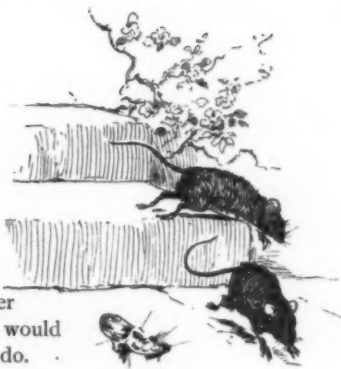
Oh, joy, to find anew,—
All in the winter weather,—

Sweet Cinder-
ella's shoe—

Clear glass:

No com-
mon leather

For her would
ever do.



Soft up the stairs we steal,—
All in the winter weather,—
To where, beside her wheel,
The Princess sleeps. Together
Her dreamy spell we feel.

Kind Beauty and her Beast,—
All in the winter weather,—
Invite us to a feast.

When, lo! in hat and feather,
He bows, a prince, at least.

When Bluebeard, fierce and glum,—
All in the winter weather,—
And Giant's "fee, fo, fum"

Draw near, then close together
We cling, as
near they
come.



And Pussy wise we meet,—
 All in the winter weather,—
 We marvel at his neat,
 Fine boots, and wonder whether
 They'd fit our tabby's feet.

And so my love and I,—
 All in the winter weather,—
 Though cold and dark the sky,
 Still we are glad together,
 My little love and I.



REPORT UPON THE PRIZE PUZZLE "A THANKSGIVING-DAY PROBLEM."

A GREAT many solutions were received to the "Thanksgiving-day Problem," and it is pleasant to state that in no previous competition has the standard of excellence been so high. Besides the prize-winning answers, there were very many with only one or two mistakes. All competitors seem to have found both pleasure and profit in hunting for the correct answers, and to have entered upon the work in the same spirit as the contestant who wrote: "I wish good luck to all, and much happiness to the prize-winners."

Several solvers forwarded answers tastefully decorated with various devices suggesting the Puritans and the Thanksgiving season.

The sixteenth question was a difficult one to answer with accuracy. That a certain Captain Wadsworth hid the Connecticut charter in the famous "Charter Oak" of Hartford seems well established, but his Christian name is shrouded in mystery. "James" and "Joseph" and "William" were given on excellent authorities. Later, "Jeremiah" and "Peleg" Wadsworth put in a plea for recognition in connection with this famous event, but after due consideration they were ruled out. It seems probable that, if more time had been allowed, other members of this large and interesting family of boys might have been discovered. Bancroft, in his "History of the United States" (Vol. I, page 588), says:

"Tradition loves to relate that the charter lay on the table; that of a sudden the lights were extinguished, and, when they were rekindled, the charter had disappeared. It is certain that 'in this very troublesome season, when the Constitution of Connecticut was struck at, Captain Joseph Wadsworth, of Hartford, rendered fruitful and good service in securing the duplicate charter of the colony, and safely keeping and preserving the same' for nearly eight-and-twenty years."

The question that proved the most puzzling was number eighteen. The author of the puzzle quotes as authority Vol. I, page 158, of "The Cyclopædia of United States History," by Benson J. Lossing, LL. D. Writing of William Brewster, he says: "He took with him to the wilderness his wife and numerous children. It was upon the lid of his chest that the political compact was signed on board the 'Mayflower.'" One enterprising competitor, Miss Sally F. Dawes, wrote as follows concerning this question: "Number eighteen was the hardest, but at last I found the answer in the 'Genealogy of the White Family.' It reads as follows: 'Before they found a place to land and settle, those men of justice and sense, Carver, Bradford, White, Brewster, and Winslow, drew up, on the lid of Elder Brewster's chest, in the cabin of the 'Mayflower,' an instrument which established the principle of individual liberty as a right which has influenced the destiny of man.'"

Letters from several friendly correspondents, however, have convinced the Committee that there is grave doubt whether the Mayflower Compact was signed on the lid of any chest, and whether, if it were so signed, the chest belonged to Brewster, Carver, Winslow, Winthrop, or another.

In justice, therefore, to all contestants, the Committee in awarding prizes have not considered any reasonable answer to question No. 18 an error—a course that has not affected the standing of any prize-winner, since all the best lists agreed in assigning the chest to Elder Brewster or John Carver.

Many facts in the early history of our country are not clearly established, and often reputable historians differ. It was inevitable, therefore, that some of our correspondents should question certain of the facts stated. But the author of the puzzle has cited good authority for each answer, and the following list is believed to be correct.

- | | |
|---|--|
| 1. George Berkeley, Bishop of Cloyne, Ireland. | 18. Elder William Brewster (according to tradition). |
| 2. Rev. Jonathan Edwards. | 19. Nathaniel Bacon. |
| 3. John Eliot. | 20. Mrs. Mary Dyer (or Dyar). |
| 4. Captain John Smith. | 21. Gov. William Bradford. |
| 5. Captain William (or Robert) Kidd. | 22. Giles Corey (or Cory). |
| 6. Robert Cavalier, Sieur de la Salle. | 23. Mrs. Anne Marbury Hutchinson. |
| 7. Père (or Father) Jacques (or James) Marquette | 24. Pocahontas (or Ma-ta-oka). |
| (and Joliet, his companion). | 25. John Alden. |
| 8. Captain Henry (Hendrik or Heinrich) Hudson. | 26. Captain Miles (or Myles) Standish. |
| 9. Rev. Cotton Mather. | 27. Rev. John Harvard. |
| 10. Virginia Dare. | 28. Massasoit. |
| 11. Gov. Peter (or Petrus) Stuyvesant (Peter the | 29. Samuel de Champlain. |
| Headstrong, or Testy). | 30. Sir George Calvert (or Cecil Calvert), Lord Balti- |
| 12. Sir Henry (or Harry) Vane the Younger. | more. The grant was promised to one, and made to the |
| 13. Gen. James Edward Oglethorpe of Georgia. | other. |
| 14. Sir Edmund Andros. | 31. William Penn. |
| 15. John Rolfe. | 32. Rev. John Davenport. |
| 16. Captain William (or James or Joseph) Wadsworth. | 33. Sir William Berkeley. |
| 17. Rev. George Whitefield. | 34. Elihu Yale. |
| | 35. Roger Williams. |

LIST OF PRIZE-WINNERS.

(The figures after each name give the prize-winner's age.)

First Prize, Five Dollars : Clara Louise Green, 17.

Two Second Prizes, of Four Dollars each : Fannie Pitkin, 12; Henry Guy Carleton, 11.

Five Third Prizes, of Three Dollars each : Marion R. Fenno, 12; Rachel Phipps, 10; Janet Dana, 10; Edward Eagle Brown, 11; James J. Forstall, 14.

Ten Prizes, of Two Dollars each : Alice L. Perry, 12; Walter F. Furman, 10; Louise McDonald; Cornelia Williams, 12; Helen M. Stott, 13; James L. Péquignot, 17; Lucy A. Maling, 13; Harry B. Gifford, 13; Susan Whitman Smith, 13; Harold W. Bynner, 15.

Seventeen Prizes, of One Dollar each : Ruth M. Soule, 16; Charles Dana Harmon, 13; H. S. Whittemore, 15; Lucretia de Schweinitz, 16; Beth B. Gilchrist, 17; Margaret W. Stone, 16; Grace W. Goodwin, 13; Harry Dowling, 16; Abbot A. Thayer, 14; Elizabeth S. Sergeant, 15; Grace C. Norton, 11; Nellie Van Volkenburgh, 14; Lucia K. Dwight, 13; Helen E. Allis, 14; T. K. Wellington, 15; Bessie Bush, 13; Edward B. Wight, 11.

ROLL OF HONOR.

Lauren S. Fish, Edwin Balmer, Elsa Behr, Clara C. Mendenhall, Alice Evelyn Ozias, Richard R. Stanwood, Dudley B. Purington, Mabel Hancock, Mary Margaret Hanna, Charles Jarvis Harriman, Louise K. Ames, Dorothy Maris.

Henry M. Hathaway, Frances Eleanor Mason, Isabel Adair Lynde, George Roberts, Jr., Margaret Ropes, Hazel R. Hyde, Laurence R. Clapp, Suzette K. Grundy, Henry Girard Hollon, Katharine S. Doty, Mary R. Cecil, Ellie S. Gladding, Alex. Macomber, Theo. McC. Marsh, Ruth E. Richardson, Kenneth White, Ruth Mitchell, Margaret Lantz, Marion M. Vaughan, Hubert Birchby, Alletta V. Dodd, Marshall Cox, Gertrude Byrne, William Alexander Childs, Mansfield Ferry, Clara Munyan Lathrop, Francis R. Appleton, Jr., Alatheia Mountsier, Marion Miller, Margaret K. Stevens, Francis A. Joy, Olive Oburn, Emma Jennette Pratt, Charles S. Hanna, Bertha H. Lippincott, Marshall P. Cram, Katherine Stubbs, Martha Packard, Helen E. Searle, Mary Guest Smith, Deane Edwards, Frances C. Boardman, Katharine S. Craven, Joseph B. Eastman, Waldine Scratchley, Joseph V. Sloan, Ray Seaman, Marie L. Slack, Sam C. Welling, Robert C. Crowell, John Lawton, Donald A. Dunham, Helen A.

Boynnton, Stanley C. Burton, Gladys Smith, Sarah Edmunds Bradford, Margaret Augur, Edward L. Lyon, Ellen B. Townsend, Bernice L. Wing, Fred W. Shear, Homer M. Clark, Mitchell Wilby, Edmund C. Johnston, Helen Emerson Childs, Arthur Bell, Elizabeth R. Blecker.

One correspondent writes: "I have been studying colonial history at school, but while working on your puzzle I found out that there was yet a great deal to learn."

Another writes: "I never knew before that so many people had written about the early history of this country."

Still another says: "I used five different histories of the United States in looking up my answers. . . . I hope you will continue to publish these prize puzzles, as one has fun in trying to answer them, besides the chance of getting a prize. Of course I hope to get a prize, but if I don't I shall not find fault."

A little girl in the West writes: "We live on a farm, twenty miles from a railroad station, in a newly opened Indian reservation. There are, of course, no public libraries within reach, and we have but few books of reference."

A father writes: "Your 'Thanksgiving-day Problem' has aroused much enthusiasm for the study of colonial history in my little boy. He has worked most persistently, earnestly, and honestly to find all the answers."

A Massachusetts boy writes: "I have had a real good time looking up the answers, and feel sure of all excepting two — 18 and 34."

A Philadelphia boy says: "I suppose you will have a good bit of work to do, since there is so much competition; but I've worked a good deal myself over this puzzle."

And a New Jersey girl says: "Although there are five answers I cannot get, I want you to see that I am interested in the problem."

SCRANTON, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I think ST. NICHOLAS deserves thanks of parents and those interested in young people for all the good, wholesome things it supplies, and particularly for the historical puzzles. Without a prize, the reward is great in the amount of knowledge gleaned and interest excited in the search for the answers; and I, for one, thank you. I think the first number of the new volume particularly good. With best wishes, I am

Very truly yours,

ADA M. PHILLIPS.

OMAHA, NEB.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We seniors are delighted with your removal of restrictions on assistance. Since *noblesse oblige*, this ST. NICHOLAS girl, as such, would of course do her work thoroughly and for herself. But it is pleasant to correspond with Cousin on the Pacific Coast as to the curiosities of churchyard literature; to discuss at table the adequacy of five grains of corn for a Thanksgiving feast; to have Big Brother turning over stacks of annals taller than himself, and Little Brother giving assurance that though Bancroft beat no drums for Captain Wadsworth, thousands of enthusiastic historians do.

Let me repeat, the work is Gracie's own, her family and friends having assisted in the French sense only.

With perennial love from seniors and juniors for immortal ST. NICHOLAS.

M. R. HARRIS.

THE "ST. NICHOLAS girl" won a first prize in the Fourth of July puzzle contest.

THE LETTER-BOX.

HONOLULU.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: It is from the far-off Sandwich Islands that I send you my greeting.

We have a lovely place in a valley, which is approached by a long avenue of Royal palms, and from where we have a beautiful view toward the mountains. In front of the house is a lawn, and behind that stretches a long pasture — the playground for our horses as well as ourselves. We have a large rambling house, in which I and my three brothers and sisters were born. Our neighbors are Americans and Germans.

The Germans have three children, one little boy and two girls, the youngest of whom has long brown curls. Their parents intend to go to Germany next year, and as we may go at the same time we shall all travel together. But before that I shall write you once more.

Hoping to see this letter printed, I remain

Your interested reader,

ELSIE S.—

CHERRYVALE, KANSAS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little boy ten years old. I have a bicycle and enjoy riding a great deal. I want to tell your readers how to make an "artist" top. It can be made easily and will make as pretty figures as a boughten one. Take a cigar-box lid, and with a pair of

dividers mark out a circle about two and three-quarter inches in diameter. Cut this out and bore a hole in the center, in which force a short lead-pencil. Place a sheet of white paper on a level surface, and taking the top of the lead-pencil between the thumb and finger, spin it as you would a pin-top, or teetotum. The pencil, which should be a very soft one, will mark the most beautiful spirals and curves on the paper. I hope some of your readers will try it.

Your interested reader,

WILLIE MITCHELL.

CANTON, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am going to have some black decoy ducks in a few weeks. There is a brook running through our land. As it runs through a ditch, when it is dammed up it will make a little pond. For my duck-house I am going to use a dog-house that I have, putting a window in the back of it.

I live near Blue Hill. Last summer I rode to Blue Hill on my bicycle, taking my bicycle up the hill and down, not being able to ride it. I saw a fine view of Boston Harbor, being a very pleasant day.

I have a brother in Harvard College who is twenty-one years of age, and he took the ST. NICHOLAS when he was a little boy. I am very fond of reading, and remain your faithful reader,

NORMAN B. FRENCH.

COLLEGE HILL, CLINTON, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am eleven years old. I have two goats, which I drive, and enjoy very much. I named them "Nancy Hanks" and "Martha Washington." Martha Washington is a very droll goat. The post to which she is tied is not more than two inches in diameter. She sometimes puts one of her front feet on top of this post and views the country; she looks so wise when she is doing this that Nancy Hanks looks as if she were smiling at her. I keep the goats in a stall. Martha jumps up into the manger and sleeps there, while Nancy sleeps under the manger.

One day when Martha's post was crooked she rubbed up against it just as if she wanted to straighten it.

Martha can also walk on her hind feet, and when she is free in the barn and wants an apple she just puts her front feet on top of the barrel, and puts her head over into the barrel, and gets one.

Nancy once had a fight with a cow; in so doing she lost one of her horns. This is all true.

Your interested reader, LLOYD PAUL STRYKER.

A WELL-KNOWN resident of Chicago recently sent us the following interesting and gratifying letter; and kindly consented that it should be shown to our readers.

CHICAGO, ILL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: It was some time in the seventies—your files will indicate the year—that in looking around for a Christmas present for a little boy with a very bright mind, I hit upon the first bound volume of the ST. NICHOLAS. It was an exceedingly attractive book, both on account of its illustrations and its reading-matter. For several years I repeated the gift, partly for the sake of the person who received it, and partly because of younger children in the family, to whom the annual volumes would be instructive and interesting. Then the magazine came regularly into the household, and at the end of each year the numbers were carefully bound and stored away for continued use. This went on till the elder son went to college.

The first volume of ST. NICHOLAS, you will remember, contained a good many interesting suggestions about birds, animals, flowers, and other natural objects. The little fellow who received this volume as his Christmas gift first of all exhausted, with the help of the illustrations, the natural history portion of it, then devoured the rest of it, then put his scientific information into practice—that is, became an observer, brought many of his specimens to his parents, expressed his thoughts about them, compared his ideas with what was said in ST. NICHOLAS, and in this way, before he himself or any one else was conscious of the fact, had found the work of his life.

Quite likely, to this day the young man has hardly thought of the ST. NICHOLAS as having had so decided an influence in directing his attention to that great field of study to which he has now devoted himself. Still, it may truthfully be said that it was the reading of this magazine, and talking over its contents with his parents, which gave him the impulse which he has so steadily followed.

While in the public schools he came into the possession of a poor microscope, I think one advertised in the ST. NICHOLAS, and furnished at a low rate. With this he did some very good work, and was still further led into the study of natural objects. But the chief value of it all was that he had now become an investigator on his own account, was doing, though without any suspicion of it, original work as a scientist. In a few years, his father, as a prize for a really excellent essay based on the boy's personal observations, furnished him a first-class microscope, and fitted up for him and the other

children in the family a room in the house, and encouraged them to use it as a workshop, and to invite into it such comrades as were interested in what it contained, and in the experiments which were there made. A description of some of these experiments would make very attractive reading. Two or three years before his preparatory course was over, an excellent second-hand telescope came into our young student's hands. Its use developed to the fullest extent a love for astronomy, which had already begun to show itself. This instrument was afterward attached to one of the instruments belonging to a great university, where, as a private student, its owner, outside his regular course of study, rapidly became master, before his graduation, of all that is popularly known in astronomical science. He had decided, with the approval of his parents, upon the work of his life. Upon the observatory which his father fitted up for him, many thousands of dollars have been expended, and with the equipment, which only private means have secured, many remarkable discoveries have been made. For these discoveries the Astronomical Society of France has seen fit to honor their author with its gold medal. Although less than thirty years old, he is now in charge of one of the most important scientific departments of a great university, and is in correspondence with many of the leading scientific bodies of the world, as well as with some of their most distinguished members. His name is known quite as well in Europe as in his own country. In fact, the importance of his discoveries is even better understood abroad than at home.

Conservative in all his notions, yet enthusiastic and untiring as an investigator, possessing mechanical ability of a high order, and well trained as a chemist, it is not too much to say that few young men in the wide world have prospects of a more brilliant future. That the foundations of this scientific career were in part laid by the work of those who made the ST. NICHOLAS it is not too much to assert.

Yours very truly,

W.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am seven years old, and I wrote these little verses about my baby sister. I am one of your little readers.

FRANCES CLEVELAND LAMONT.

BABY.

A little baby has come to town,
The sweetest little sister,
With little white socks and a little white gown,
And I was the first that kissed her.

She has hazel eyes and brownish hair,
And a dimple in her chin,
Her complexion it is very fair,
And her name is Katharine.

MARIN, SWITZERLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My home is in Egypt, but I am an American girl. I am eleven years old. We spent last summer in Switzerland.

It is a beautiful country, with its lakes, snow mountains, and flowers. When we came, in the end of May, the ground was covered with little pink-tinted daisies and forget-me-nots.

One day we walked to the end of a valley, right up under the Jungfrau, and gathered Alpine roses, gentians, anemones, and many other flowers. We snow-balled each other, although it was August; it was great fun.

I hope the United States will not choose the columbine for its national flower; it grows wild here and the people call it "Fool's-cap." They would laugh at us and say we were putting on the fool's-cap.

I am in a school now near Neufchâtel. I have to speak French all the time. If I speak a word of English I must pay a fine.

I like you very much. I hope I can have you as long as I live. I read you to my little brother and sister.

Your loving friend, ETHEL FINNEY.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you now for two years, and I enjoy you immensely. I first got acquainted with you when I was going to Sacramento, the capital of our State, and to Chico, in Butte County. When I lived in Japan I took an English magazine; but it is not to be compared with you.

Two or three weeks ago I went on our new battleship, the "Oregon," and had a beautiful time. She is a wonderful piece of work. Everything is steel; even the decks are steel, covered with wood; and the Oregon has two steel bottoms.

I am very fond of Lieutenant Ellicott's stories that appear occasionally about our navy, as I am an Army officer's daughter.

Your true friend and interested reader,

HELEN I. B—.

WAVELAND, MISS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: The pelican is a favorite bird down here, and is a great fisherman. It is quite amusing to watch them sit on the water and eat shrimps. There is a fish caught here called the flounder and it is white on one side and brown on the other. Strange to say, the eyes are on the brown side, for it is a flat and wide fish. They are caught with a torch and a spear, and at night. The great enemy of those who go floundering is the stingaree, as they are liable to step on one.

The grassie or bee-martin is very plentiful down here, and the people hunt them in great numbers. The partridge is very good eating, and very plentiful in the woods. While I was out walking once with my father, a pair flew up right at our feet.

Once a gentleman had a dozen goldfish and put them in a pond. A kingfisher flying about discovered them, and had breakfast every morning very freely. One of the family found it out, and called the owner's attention to the loss of the fish, and when people pass there now they can see a wire net over the pond with three lonely little goldfish in it.

Just before sunset great flocks of swallows come flying over the water, when it is very calm, toward the west. Just before sunrise every morning, the sky gets very red, and looks like a great fire illuminating the sky at night, and at a great distance.

I remain your interested reader,

HENRY P. DART, JR.

OAKLAND, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have taken the ST. NICHOLAS for twenty-four years—long before I was born. If any one asks me what day of the month I like best, I always say the twenty-fifth, not because Christmas comes on that date, but because ST. NICHOLAS always comes on that day. I think it is the nicest magazine published; and I think that many other little girls agree with me.

Last night I came home from a trip which I want to describe to you. Mother and I started for Saucelito, a beautiful village not far from here, on Saturday morning,

and went to a private boarding-house. On Sunday morning we hired a team, and drove to Point Bonita lighthouse, about six miles distant from Saucelito. The lighthouse-keeper was very kind, and showed us all about the light. When we were in the lighthouse and had climbed up to the light, he told me to get inside the lamp. I don't think many little girls have been inside of a light. He let me take the cover off of the wicks. It was so very interesting. On Tuesday morning we were joined by my grandmother, my aunt, my father, and a friend, for an excursion up Mount Tamalpais, a beautiful mountain in California. There is a railway up the mountain, which we were all very anxious to take. When we arrived in Mill Valley, the point from which the train starts, we found it did not start till three o'clock. It was then only 12:15, so we had some time to wait. We had brought lunch with us, and so we took a carriage, and drove out into the hills, till we came to a little open spot under the trees beside a little brook. So we had lunch there under the trees; and it was lovely! and such fun! When it was time, we drove back again, and took the train to go up the mountains. All open cars, and it was simply magnificent! I never saw such a view! I only wish that every one could see it. When we got to the end (it does not go quite to the top) nearly every one got out to climb to the top. I did, and I stood on the highest peak—on the tip-top, and looked all around. Then coming down the mountain, we saw three deer. It was a beautiful trip, and I only wish all the boys and girls could take it.

With long life to ST. NICHOLAS, and three cheers from your everlasting friend and admirer,

EDNA O—.

DECORAH, IOWA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: You have been a welcome visitor in this home ever since you were joined by the "Wide Awake" subscribers. Although I have no brothers or sisters and papa is a traveling man, mama and I have enjoyed you very much. I think you ought to be congratulated upon the high grade of literature you publish for your young folks.

I am a boy sixteen years of age, and as you see by the heading, live in Decorah, Winneshiek county, Iowa, a beautiful little city of nearly five thousand inhabitants. About three-fourths of a mile from the business part of town is situated the famous Ice Cave, in which ice is found in summer, but disappears in winter.

As to education, Decorah ranks high, being the seat of Luther College, also of two private schools, and a good high school, the latter of which I attend.

Music is my "hobby." I think I may call it that, for I enjoy it very much. I have studied the cornet under a teacher of this city, and have a beautiful, perfect instrument.

By looking through your Letter-box one may see letters from all parts of the world, which certainly speaks loudly to the praise of ST. NICHOLAS as a good and enjoyable magazine for old and young.

With best wishes for a long life, I remain

Yours respectfully, ARTHUR B. WILSON.

WE thank the young friends whose names follow for pleasant letters received from them: Estelle Pierce, Agnes Marcy, Jennie T. Ford, Andrew Drew, Lillie Edwards, Elizabeth Stevens, D. D., Gladys Keay, Helen J. White, T. H. A., Jr., James S. Proctor, Alice Marquis, Lida Edna Johnson, Ffine M., "Buttercup," Fannie D. English, Mae Newton, Ruth Sammis, Helen Goodrich, Willis C. Noble, Jr., Mildred C. Dickson, Rachel Trask, Florence R. Pond, "St. Nicholas Girl," Eloise S. Howe.

THE RIDDLE BOX

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE FEBRUARY NUMBER.

GEOGRAPHICAL PRIMAL ACROSTIC. Cape Horn. 1. Caucasus. 2. Andes. 3. Patmos. 4. Erie. 5. Havre. 6. Orinoco. 7. Rome. 8. Nile. — CROSSWORD ENIGMA. Longfellow.

NOVEL ZIGZAG. Zigzag and initials. Conjunction. 1. Cringe. 2. Oolong. 3. Nonage. 4. Jiglog. 5. Unique. 6. Noggin. 7. Capoch. 8. Tattle. 9. Icicle. 10. Oomiac. 11. Nimble.

PI. The cold winds rave on the icy river,
The leafless branches complain and shiver,
The snow-clouds sweep on, to a dreary tune,—
Can these be the earth and the heavens of June?

CURIOS ZOOLOGICAL CHANGES. 1. Lemur. 2. Au-roc-hs. 3. Alpaca. 4. B-eagle. 5. F-owl. 6. C-r-ow. 7. C-h-at. 8. C-ray. 9. Elk-e. 10. Rat-el.

DIAMOND. 1. U. 2. Ass. 3. Arena. 4. Useless. 5. Sneak. 6. Ask. 7. S. — NUMERICAL ENIGMA. A distinguished singer.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals, Charles; finals, Dickens. Cross-words: 1. Coated. 2. Hawaii. 3. Arctic. 4. Remark. 5. Little. 6. Etymon. 7. Stoops. — CHARADE. Ruin.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE DECEMBER NUMBER were received, before December 15th, from M. McG.—Paul Reese—L. O. E.—Nessie and Freddie—Marguerite Sturdy—Jo and I—"Dondy Small"—G. B. Dyer—Josephine Sherwood—"Buffalo Quartette"—"Four Weeks in Kane"—"Jersey Quartette"—"Edgewater Two"—Ruth Bowie—Hubert L. Binney—Roger Hale Wellington—Paul Rowley—Walter and Eleanor Furman—"Camp Lake"—F. Miles Greenleaf—Grace Edith Thallon—"Two Little Brothers"—Sigourney Fay Nininger.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE DECEMBER NUMBER were received, before December 15th, from S. Randall Williams, 1—"Armado," 1—Kathryn Jordan, 4—Mary H. Pusey, 1—"Kearsarge," 3—Elsie Hoxie, 5—Mariette Starr Hough, 10—Jack Cady, 10—Kent Shaffer, 1—Alice M. K. Mayer, 4—Grace Colyer, 9—Helen Harman, 2—Mary F. Stone, 7—George Barnes, 1—"Thinker," 1—Mary K. Rake, 2—Beatrice E. Yoell, 2—"St. Nicholas Girl," 6—Marguerite Kinder, 5—Van Nest and Franklin, 11—Ralph Owen, 5—Marguerite Maple, 2—Madeleine B. Schweig, 4—Miriam Dent, 2—Arthur N. Copperthwait, 3—Arthur Standerman, 1—Emma Schweitzer, 5—Effe K. Talboys, 10—Fred. Hallock, 1—Herbert S. Gelpcke, 1—Sreten Stankowitch, 7—Daniel Hardin and Co., 7—Charles P. Mills, 2—H. A. K., 12—Wm. A. Lochren, 11—C. Piper, 1—Lucile Cavender, 5—J. Howard Payne, 1—"Arcoo," 3—M. F. and E. F., 8—Leonard Bates Moore, 1—No name, Brooklyn, 4—A. E. and H. G. E., 12—Frederick T. Kelsey, 5—C. D. Lauer and Co., 12—Irving and Mamma, 11—Horace P. Cooper, 2—Allan P. Bender, 7—Belle M. Waddell, 12—"Merry and Co., 11—Belle A. Goldman, 9.

DOUBLE DIAGONALS.

THE diagonal beginning at the upper left-hand letter and ending with the lower right-hand letter will spell the first name; and the diagonal beginning at the lower left-hand letter and ending at the upper right-hand letter will spell the surname, of a celebrated Scotch freebooter.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A beam. 2. To court. 3. A bone. SIGOURNEY FAY NININGER.

CENTRAL ACROSTIC.

ALL the words described are of equal length. When rightly guessed and placed one below another, in the order here given, the central letters, reading downward, will spell the name of a famous warrior.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. That which gives strength. 2. A famous warrior. 3. To make use of. 4. An East Indian porter or carrier. 5. Very cold. 6. To collect with patient labor. 7. A tailor's utensil. 8. A sweet substance. BLANCHE BUCK.

WORD-SQUARE.

1. A MASS of bread. 2. An imaginary monster. 3. A tract of land. 4. An exploit. GLADYS JOHNSON.

NOVEL ACROSTIC.

ALL the words described are of the same length. When rightly guessed and written one below another, in

ILLUSTRATED DIAGONAL. Hunt (Leigh). 1. Hare. 2. Duck. 3. Hind. 4. Goat.

CONNECTED SQUARES. I. 1. Crop. 2. Rope. 3. Open. 4. Pers. II. 1. Bard. 2. Amoy. 3. Rôle. 4. Dyes. III. 1. Sold. 2. Over. 3. Levi. 4. Drip. IV. 1. Shod. 2. Hare. 3. Ores. 4. Desk. V. 1. Paste. 2. Apes. 3. Neap. 4. Espy.

TRANSPPOSED TREES. 1. Lime. 2. Thorn. 3. Yew. 4. Elm. 5. Balm. 6. Locust. 7. Caper. 8. Aspen. 9. Plane. 10. Maple. 11. Ash. 12. Cedar. 13. Almond. 14. Peach. 15. Gum. 16. Pear. 17. Lemon. 18. Teak. 19. Palm. 20. Laurel. 21. Teal. 22. Plum. 23. Cork.

RIDDLE. 1. Drums (ear-drums). 2. Ribs. 3. Chest. 4. Muscles. 5. Soles. 6. Lashes. 7. Hart. 8. Arms. 9. Lids (eyelids). 10. Knee-caps. 11. Pupils. 12. Calves. 13. Veins. 14. Insteps. 15. Tulips. 16. Temples. 17. Palms. 18. Column (spinal-column).

WORD-SQUARE. 1. Scrape. 2. Craven. 3. Raters. 4. Avenue. 5. Peruse. 6. Enseal.

the order here given, the first and third rows of letters will each spell the name of a European country.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. The national god of the Philistines. 2. To choose. 3. A point of the compass. 4. Infectious parotitis. 5. To adjust. 6. Bursts. 7. An Eskimo canoe. F. C. T.

AN OBLIQUE RECTANGLE.

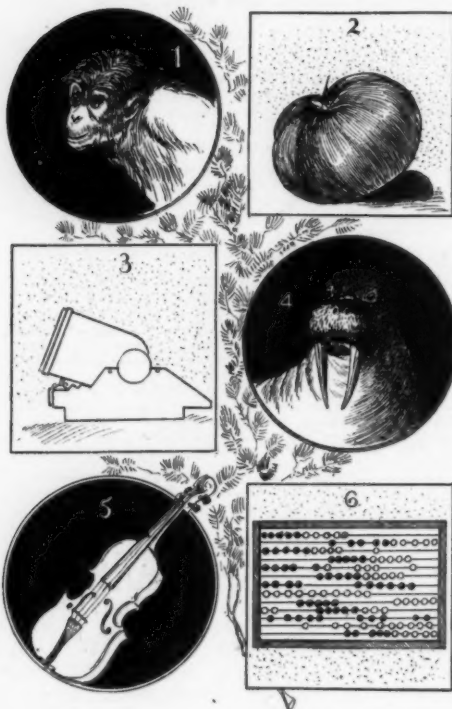
1. IN Paris. 2. To rub. 3. Applied force. 4. A masculine name. 5. A kind of fortification. 6. Appraises. 7. A Roman historian and the friend of Cicero. 8. Orthodox. 9. To deride. 10. An evil spirit. 11. Stout cords. 12. An ancient musical instrument. 13. The common European cuttlefish. 14. A cover. 15. In Paris. M. N. MACDONALD.

RIDDLE.

A WORD of but one syllable am I;
From my dread presence men of old did fly;
Behead me twice, a syllable I gain,
I lose my deadly aspect — yet a bairn
To poor humanity you 'll find me still,
And e'en the strongest, meeting me, grow chill.

E. T. CORBETT.

ILLUSTRATED DIAGONAL.



ALL the words pictured contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and placed one below the other, in the order numbered, the diagonal (from the upper left-hand letter to the lower right-hand letter) will spell the name of an English poet.

HIDDEN NAMES.

THE names of a number of illustrious persons are concealed in the following sentences. All were famous in the same way.

Mrs. Brown was washing Tony's face, and scolding him because he had not come in sooner, to get ready for school, when the door suddenly opened, and a damsel clad in velvet and fur and nodding plumes stood before her. Seeing no sign of recognition in Mrs. Brown's amazed face, the new-comer exclaimed: "You have not forgotten Mary Jeffers! Only a few years ago my brother Adison and I were your daily visitors." "Indeed, I have not," Mrs. Brown replied, and she made the young lady very welcome. Many were the questions asked and answered. At last Mary Jeffers said

laughingly: "And do you still make that delicious strawberry jam Adison and I were so fond of? I remember we helped you pick berries for that jam on Roe's Hill one lovely summer day, Adison, John Quin, Cy Adams, Celia Quin and I. The Quins are all in Chicago now. I met Le Roy Deane, a great friend of Jack's, on the train coming here, and he told me all about them. He says the Quins are always in the van. Buren and Co., of Chicago, have just published Jack's latest novel, and it is a great success. And Celia, now Mrs. William H. Harris, only last year sold one of her paintings for a thousand dollars. Her husband is very handsome, but neither wise nor witty. Le Roy thinks he must feel out of place in such a bright family as the Quins. George Quin is a rising young lawyer, and will soon be at the top. O. L. King, the millionaire, is his father-in-law. Lorenzo Quin and his wife went to Brazil, but did not stay. Lorenzo is engaged in the manufacture of cutlery, and this year he will fill more orders than any other maker. Do you remember his keen face and eyes that seemed to pierce you through and through? If his knives are as sharp as he is himself, they will cut anything. He married Miss Lizzie Buchan, and her father gave him his first start in business. John Quin will soon wed Isabel Franklin, Col. Northrup's niece. But John's only true mate was Esme Deane. She would not listen to his suit, because her dying father had asked her to grant a last request, and marry Ben Shay. Esme was not Ben's first choice, either. He was for a long time engaged to Edgar Field's daughter, but for some reason it was broken off. She went to Scotland and became the bride of Lord Arthur Cleve." "Lands sakes!" exclaimed Mrs. Brown, "married a lord! I wonder if he is as handsome as Ben?" "Harris Onslow saw him in London, and he says he is a fine-looking man," Mary answered; "but I see by the clock that I have overstayed my time, and perhaps wearied you with all my gossip." So, with hasty adieux, Miss Jeffers took leave of Mrs. Brown.

J. M. JONES.

CHARADE.

LET others seek a warrior's grave
Or perish at the frozen pole;
In my old *second* let me die,
Upon my *first*, within my *whole*.

CHARLES G. BUCK.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of fifty letters and form a quotation from Carlyle's "Heroes and Hero-Worship."

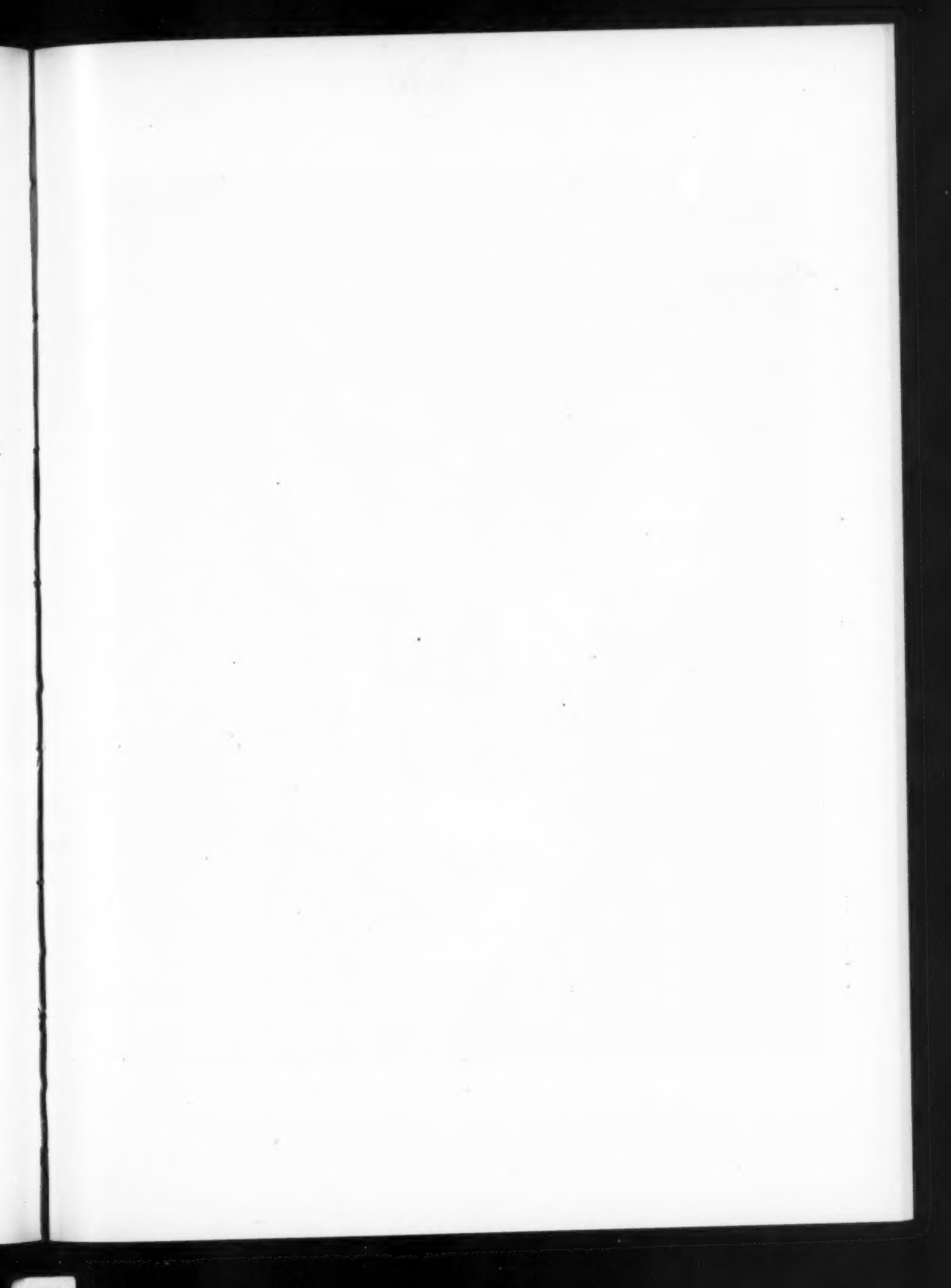
My 44-16-30 11 is to please. My 37-22-41-48 is one of the United States. My 13-35-6-18 are parts of a table. My 27-40-33-47-3 is a thin cake. My 50-34-23-49-29 is a hard, black wood. My 46-9-7-21-1-19 are fine banquets. My 10-36-2-45-12-25 is to train. My 31-8-43-26-20-42-24-39 is diligent. My 14-17-28-4-5-15-38-32 is atrocious. "CORNELIA ELLIMBER."

SOME "INTENTIONS."

EXAMPLES: Meant to defend; armament. Meant to wear; raiment.

1. Meant to sadden. 2. Meant to adorn. 3. Meant to try. 4. Meant to fasten. 5. Meant to hide. 6. Meant to cure. 7. Meant to live in. 8. Also meant to live in. 9. Meant to ensnare. 10. Meant to charm. 11. Meant to please. 12. Meant to bestow. 13. Meant to commemorate. 14. Meant to annoy. 15. Meant to notify. 16. Meant to gladden. 17. Meant to be a warlike game. 18. Meant to warn. 19. Meant to settle. 20. Meant to heal. 21. Meant to decide. 22. Meant to confess.

M. E. FLOYD.





FROM A PRINTING BY J. H. GOUPH.

CHUMS.